THE SATIRIST,

OR

MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1, 1808.

THE BOARD OF MANAGEMENT.

MR. SATIRIST,

I WAS present this morning at a most extraordinary *execution;* and as the English have been said to be particularly fond of exhibitions of this sort, you will probably add to the high estimation in which your animated work is already deservedly held, by giving publicity to my description.

I was passing down Drury-lane, when I met, near the stage-door of the theatre, my old acquaintance, SAM SANGUINE. I had missed him for three or four years, at the places where we had been accustomed to meet; and his appearance was now so much altered, that if he had not first accosted me, I should scarcely have recollected him. I remembered him a perfect beau, studious of fashion almost to an excess; but now either his credit with his taylor was low, or he had become a sloven, and fallen into the opposite extreme; for his dress and whole appearance, and particularly the uneasiness of his man-

She is well known in London by the name of *The liar*, and has been guilty of a thousand various tricks and ingenious devices to impose on the public. Not long ago she had the impudence to set up a *School for Scandal*, and you can scarcely imagine what numbers flocked to it. But you see the *police* has laid hold of them both at last."

My attention, however, was now entirely engaged by the scene that was acting on the stage; and I could not but feel particularly shocked by the insensibility of those who stood near the gallows. One was painting spots upon the coat of a *real* dog, to make him resemble another *canine* comedian; while a second, with a pair of bellows, was blowing up the skin of an artificial bear to try how nearly it approached ursine reality. Behind were half-made elephants and camels, who, I understood, were all to be actors in some great piece about to be exhibited. There was a thick, short, broad-faced man, who had the stage-management, as Sam told me; but notwithstanding what was passing, his feelings appeared to be so little *wrought on*, that he was absolutely superintending the rehearsal of some dancing dogs and tambourining cats. But what offended and disgusted me more than all, was the conduct of a red-nosed fellow, called *Bardolph*, who, as Sam informed me, had been under considerable obligations to the short fat convict; and had, in fact, been one of her principal favourites. This ungrateful fellow had absolutely been getting drunk with *Cherry* bounce, and was fallen asleep on a parcel of *Travellers* books and empty money bags in front of the gallows.

But nothing could be more extraordinary than the executioners. *Moll Pominy*, as my friend Sam called her, was stretched along the platform of the gallows drowned in tears; and a young fellow, the son of the red-nosed Bardolph, was drenching her with a *mellow-dram* of his own distilling; whether for the purpose of stupifying her

at once, or of enabling her to meet her fate with greater fortitude, I was not able to ascertain: but I conclude the dose was very nauseous, for she kicked and struggled most violently. In the mean time the worthy m——e, who presided at the *Board of Management*, and in this instance condescended to act the part of theatrical Jack Ketch, had fastened the fatal string (of best Roman gut) round the neck of the fat, short convict, and, mounting the ladder, ordered her, instead of praying, to sing a parody, which he had composed for her. He began to fasten the deadly noose to the gallows, while one drest in the garb of FOLLY looked in at the stage-door and applauded. The unfortunate fat convict began to sing a parody of a song of Shakespeare;

"Under the *green-wood* tree,
Who loves to *hang* with me,
And *strain* his merry *throat*."

Just then the curtain dropped to one of Mr. Kelly's choicest selections of merry music, and the scene was shut from my sight: but I determined, Mr. Satirist, to write you an account of what I did see, that your numerous readers may know how matters are *managed* at Drury-lane theatre, and what sacrifices are made to promote their entertainment.

I am, Mr. Satirist, yours,

April, 1808. THOMASO SCRUTINY.

DASHING FEMALE DEPREDATORS.

MR. SATIRIST,

THOUGH I confess that, in addressing you, I have particularly in view my own private advantage, yet as the

subject, on which I seek information, is undoubtedly of public interest, I feel confident that with you that claim alone will be sufficient to secure me your attention.

No inquiry, however, can certainly be more generally interesting than that which has for its object the discovery of a safe and ready path to distinction and wealth: particularly in the present day, when so many are crowding to that point, that unless you are pretty far advanced on the road, can walk over their heads, or cronch, and, like an eel, wriggle your way between their legs, it is ten to one if you escape being thrust down and trampled on by your stronger competitors. But difficulties, which will not yield to mere force, may be overcome by ingenuity; and in this the present age is certainly not deficient. These are graver reflections than I am accustomed to make; but my present situation, and the importance of the subject on which I address you, will not admit of levity.

From several instances, which have lately occurred, it appears, that, for a woman of spirit and address, the surest mode of attaining eminence and public favour is to commit some act of swindling or depredation. The more open and daring the better: she must then give intelligence to the police, and get herself taken up as soon as possible. This point being secured, the next thing to be done is to have inserted in all the fashionable papers some such article as the following:

POLICE OFFICE, BOW-STREET.

DASHING FEMALE DEPREDATOR.

About a week since, a female of most fashionable manners and appearance, who lived in B— street, was detected—(*here state the circumstances of the robbery or swindling.*) A full description of her person having been

given at this office, Townsend was dispatched in search of her, who easily traced her to Dover by means of the very great impression which the uncommon beauty of her person had left on the memory of all the innkeepers on that road where she had stopped to change horses, and of the postboys who had driven her. On Wednesday evening she underwent an examination before Mr. GRAHAM, and was committed to Tothill-fields for further examination.

The prisoner is a very beautiful young woman, a most elegant figure, and altogether of a most engaging and interesting appearance. She has received a most liberal and polished education, and is thoroughly mistress of all the brilliant and elegant accomplishments which are the distinguishing ornament of the present age. She is the natural daughter of a late gallant nobleman; and about a year since married a field officer of the —— dragoons, but soon after left him for a cornet of the same regiment, and has since taken to very loose ways. We understand that her second examination will take place next Wednesday.

* * * *

Such an advertisement no sooner appears than the spirit of knight-errantry is raised in the circles of fashion, and instantly sallies forth to the rescue of the distressed damsel from the power of the hideous giant, LAW. It is, indeed, undoubtedly proper that the quality of the offender should always be considered rather than the nature of the offence; and it is one of the gallant maxims of the politer circles, that BEAUTY, at least while she is kind and liberal, can do no wrong. On the day appointed for the next examination, therefore, the office will be crowded with dukes, lords, and honourables, each eager to be the accepted knight of the distressed lady; and though she possess but a very small portion of the at-

ttactions so lavishly attributed to her, the interest of her situation will more than compensate for the deficiency. The prosecutors are persuaded by the usual arguments to decline the prosecution; and the interesting prisoner is relieved from every other embarrassment but the trouble of selecting, among the numerous establishments which are humbly proposed for her acceptance, that which may be most splendid, advantageous, and honourable.

Now I will confess to you, Mr. Satirist, that by the treachery and desertion of a *friend* I am reduced to a situation from which only some bold step of this sort can rescue me. But as I have no common ambition, I would soar above the flight of vulgar speculators; and I conceive that the admiration and favour of the liberal and polite class, of whom I have spoken, will rise in proportion to the degree in which the law may be violated. I would leave thefts and swindling, therefore, to those who might be contented with common celebrity, and would attempt some daring act, which might raise me to an eminence above competition. But I wish to be informed by you, Mr. Satirist, and I hope, for the sake of the community at large, you will not deny the information, to what excess I may violate the law without incurring certain personal danger; or rather, what are the cases where the private interest, if timely applied, will not impede the operations of public justice.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

Houri Place, New Road, LETITIA TOUCHWOOD.
April 19, 1808.

Though ever anxious to gratify the wishes of his fair friends, the SATIRIST would be unwilling to hazard an opinion on so important a subject; particularly as a wrong one might endanger the safety of so accomplished a lady

as Miss Letitia Touchwood. On such a case, indeed, legal advice seems to be necessary; but the SATIRIST would hint to Miss Letitia Touchwood, that the gentlemen of the long robe can never give a right opinion, unless their judgment is first strengthened by a fee.

LINES TO THE SATIRIST.

"HEALTH to the SATIRIST!" Musæus* cries;
Health to the SATIRIST! a friend replies:
An unknown friend, who, in unpolish'd lays,
The humble tribute of his feelings pays.
Could the licentious manners of an age
Awake the dead, and rouse their noble rage;
Could polish'd *Vice*, and Profligacy's reign,
Nerve the bold line, recal the Latian strain,
The dormant flame of Virtue should aspire,
And *England* start to hear the Roman lyre:
The playful keenness of HORATIAN song
Should draw her thoughtless sons from Folly's throng;
Another PERSIUS bid the canvas glow,
And teach the libertine *himself* to know:
A JUNIUS† mark his game with eagle sight,
And at a higher quarry wing his flight.
Yes! "Vice and Folly uncontroll'd prevail,"
They spread their garish ensigns to the gale;

* See No. VI. page 7.

† Decius Junius Juvenal. I prefer the second appellation of this indignant scourge of Domitian's buffoons, though it may recal to mind our English Junius. Perhaps of the style of both it may be said, "*subactum redolent declamatorem.*"

Her precepts slighted, and condemn'd her laws,
Indignant *Reason* from the field withdraws;
While sacred *Truth*, in intellectual sleep,
Shrouds her bright lamp, or only wakes to weep.
Hope's last departing beam, a trembling ray,
Sheds its faint glories on our mental day:
When swift reviving brightness bids it gleam,
As the bold SATIRIST reflects the beam;
Once more the prospect brightens on our eyes,
The mists dissolve, and fear-struck *Folly* flies;
Reanimated *Reason* cries "to arms!"
And *Truth* once more unveils her lucid charms.

Ye sons of Satire rouse your dormant fires,
Your country calls, and Heav'n itself inspires;
With vigorous arm, and with unsparing hand,
Attack the follies which disgrace our land:
The pride of ignorance, the wit of fools,
Need not the deep-drawn learning of the schools;
'Twere vain the stores of *Wisdom* to impart,
When *Dulness* rules the head, and *Vice* the heart;
Wield the light lash of *Satire;* keep in view
The venal slaves, and as they fly pursue.

"Ye little stars"* who, in the tedious night
Of mental darkness, shed a boreal light;
On struggling *Genius* cast a baneful ray,
Gleam through the shade, but sicken at the day;
"Your beams are shorn," Cimmerian gloom is fled,
Detected *Ign'rance* hides his empty head;

* The author of "the Pursuits of Literature," (whose name has now justly ceased to be an object of inquiry) Anthony Pasquin, (*alias* John Williams) the conductors of "the Beau Monde," "Cabinet," "Belle Assemblé," &c. &c. &c. whose "works" (with the future files of "the Independent Whig," "the News," and, unhappily, *not* a few others of our daily compendiums of lies and libels) *may be* of *some* use—to the pastrycooks.

Defeated *Envy* seeks the "Stygian caves,"
And mercenary *Slander** vainly raves.
Yet though the clouds which dim the rising day,
Before his brighter radiance melt away;
Returning night her sullen web extends,
And all creation's varied beauties blends:
If such the visual, so the mental scene,
However bright the noon-tide beam has been;
If *Genius* slumbers on the post she guards,
If baneful *Indolence* her flight retards,
Again the shades of Ignorance descend,
And o'er the mind a deeper veil extend.
Ye patriot few, who in your country's cause
Unsheath the sword, and rally round her laws;
"Ye friends to Truth," a small but daring band,
Who guard the morals of your native land;
Ye sons of Satire rouse your noble rage,
Eternal war with *Vice* and *Folly* wage;
No coward fears your dauntless breasts can know,
Ye gain the vict'ry when ye MEET *the foe!*

March 31, 1808.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

SIR,

It is very much to be lamented that learning and science, the distinguishing attributes of man, and from the

* I warn you, Mr. Satirist, that 'Squire Sedley, and the rest of Mr: Hughes's journeymen, in the Wigmore-street manufactory of calumny and malevolence, are not *defunct*. Keep a watchful eye upon them: such reptiles do more injury to public morals and individual happiness than all the inmates of Newgate.

cultivation of which his liberty and happiness are principally derived, should ever be the means of disturbing society, or of degrading educated men below the condition of the uninformed. But however problematical it may seem, I believe there are not greater nuisances in this metropolis than some assemblies called Public Libraries and Reading Rooms; which are, for the most part, little else than so many rallying points of discontent and sedition, where persons who, from vice and inactivity, being wholly unemployed, meet to brood over imaginary grievances, and to inoculate their hearers with their own jaundiced and morbid disease. As these conventicles are apparently increasing with as much rapidity as those of another description, perhaps it may not be amiss to furnish your readers with a summary account of the most considerable of them, by way of beacon; with the same view that the corporation of the Trinity-house place buoys and lights near dangerous rocks and shoals, to warn the mariner from approaching them.

Of the Royal Institution I shall, for *the present*, say nothing more than express a hope that its title may preserve it from the imputation of disloyal principles or members; but shall proceed, in the first place, to the oldest of these conventicles, the Westminster Library in Jermyn-street; which (though patronized by a few respectable names) has long been a seminary of the most profligate characters. At this place you may hear your God and your king blasphemed in the same breath; but the reflecting mind will perhaps derive a melancholy consolation, that infamy thus avowed becomes the less dangerous. Such is the system which has long been pursued at this place, that I believe your readers would shudder, did they know how many young men have been polluted and ruined by the blighting influence of the hoary traitors who sometimes assemble here. This institution, I learn from

one of its members, has been for some time on the decline, and is not likely to survive much longer; but as long as it does continue, it ought to be pointed out as a fit object for the vigilance of government and the police; and its members no longer suffered to assail with impunity institutions whose greatest failing is, that they suffer the existence of such detestable hotbeds of public infamy as this library is an instance of.

In the Old Jewry (famous formerly, as Jermyn-street is now, for its revolutionary P—) an institution has been formed by a number of opulent persons, who find, too late, that instead of establishing a society of any use or advantage to themselves or the public, they have formed a receptacle of idleness, where their clerks and junior partners spend a great part of the time which ought to be dedicated to other pursuits. The *London Institution*, however, is only misplaced. Its proprietors have formed (under the *sober* auspices of the Greek professor) a very fine library, which, in any other situation but where it is, would be highly useful to the scholar and the gentleman. But the god of trade is likewise the god of thieves; and the citizens have paid a proper homage to their deity by wisely locking up their books, which are only to be gazed at through a massive wire grating. To the founders and proprietors of this library the lectures of Sir Thomas Gresham convey to the full as much learning as they need wish to receive; and at present the binding of their books is likely to afford as much information and delight as nine-tenths of them could derive from the inside furniture.

This institution is not without a plentiful sprinkling of good sound cold-blooded Jacobins; to whose views, however, one of its regulations presents a cruel obstacle: for, alas! Sir, *silence* (that deadly foe to sedition) is strictly enjoined in all the apartments, through which you may

walk, beholding with loyal delight the loquacious disciple of Godwin, who has learned at the Stock Exchange and in Bedford-place to outroar the winds, writhing under this unfeeling Gothic restraint, now essaying to offer some poignant remark, whose united brilliancy and solidity would destroy a whole administration at once, suddenly repressed, and his soaring genius chained to its *hollow cavern* by this heathenish unphilosophical restraint.

Upon the model of these institutions two others have lately been formed, or rather are now forming; one at the Russel Rooms, Brunswick-square, and the other at the Leverian Museum, near Blackfriars Bridge. Of these I cannot speak more forcibly than by referring your readers to the lists of the persons they are composed of, among whom they will find many of the most notorious infidels and Jacobins of the age; some of whom luckily escaped the gallows, others pillory or transportation, some few years ago: it is in vain to answer that there are many names of opposite description: those who know any thing of these societies will tell you that such names are only obtained to give a deceptious colour to the affair; and that in fact the direction generally falls upon the active emissaries of sedition, with which every one of these institutions abounds.

At some of these places (the Athenæum, for instance) lectures are given. At all they are promised. In these lectures are carefully blended the usual routine of scepticism in politics and religion: under the garb of history facts are misstated and perverted: revolutionary doctrines are warily inculcated; and ignorant hearers, who have many of them neither time nor ability to set themselves right, here receive as sound facts doctrines which have as little claim to truth as their utterers have to loyalty.

Let it not be said, Sir, that I am, or wish you to be, an

enemy to science or its diffusion. It is only against its abuses that I declaim. I am slow to admit what is often urged, that learning and discontent go hand in hand. I believe nothing is more untrue; and that the mistake arises from adopting shallowness for learning, and loquaciousness for wit. But however this may be, my more immediate purpose is sufficiently answered if I, on the one hand, warn your readers from being misled by these "blind leaders of the blind;" and if, on the other, I put these sedition-mongers on their guard, by shewing them that their principles and practices are not unobserved.

I am, Sir, &c.

April 6, 1808. SCRUTATOR.

NATIONAL ODES.

"Verse sweetens toil, however rude the sound.
All at her work the village maiden sings;
Nor, while she turns the giddy wheel around,
Revolves the sad vicissitude of things."

MR. SATIRIST,

THE magic power of SONG has so frequently been the theme of declamation and panegyric in all ages of civilized society, that I should deem myself guilty of unpardonable trifling, were I here to indulge in a prolix discussion of a subject that has already been most amply debated, and is now universally acknowledged. The aim of this humble essay, Sir, is not an elaborate demonstration, that "MUSIC HAS CHARMS," as one of our noblest poets affirms, any more than it is to prove with the facetious COCKER, that "*two and two make four:*" it is my wish, however, in a plain and easy manner, to ex-

press my own thoughts on a well-understood topic, without servilely following in the steps of my predecessors, and, I hope, without wearying the patience of your numerous and very intelligent readers.

It seems to be generally admitted, Sir, that POETRY, or, in other words, *metrical composition*, was originally the language of HISTORY; and, for an obvious reason, *oral tradition* was the sole vehicle by which the deeds of heroes were conveyed to posterity. NATIONAL ODES, therefore, must ever have been the objects of national veneration; and the bard who could most eloquently and affectingly celebrate his country's glory, naturally became himself the idol of that country's gratitude. Horace must be understood, *cum grano salis*, as either indefinitely arguing the point, or else as clearly wrong, when in the ninth ode of his fourth book, he mentions HOMER with unqualified praise:—

"*Priores* Mæonius tenet
Sedes Homerus."

Whatever may be the undisputed merits of Homer, he certainly was not the *first* poet in point of time. If by "*priores sedes*," I ought to understand Horace to mean only *priority in respect to genius*, it were perhaps futile, now, to dispute the assumption; but I apprehend

"Vixère fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi: sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, *carent quia vate sacro*,"

to convey a declaration, that savours far more of poetic licence than of historical truth.

Sacred and profane history abound with proofs of the prevalence of NATIONAL ODES from the earliest times: and the records of every community that ever flourished

on the face of the globe, if preserved, exhibit equally the power and the antiquity of song.

Sed hâctenus de his. Perhaps there never was (assuredly there does not now exist) a nation more zealously attached to its ODES, of all sorts, than Britain: and, for my part, Mr. Satirist, I shall not hesitate to express my full and firm conviction, that to these animating effusions is, in a very great degree indeed, to be attributed that inflexible spirit of loyalty, of valour, of clemency, and of patriotism, that blazes so intensely in the bosoms even of our most illiterate and most thoughtless vulgar. "God save the king," "Britons strike home," "Conquer to save," and "Rule Britannia," are compositions which deservedly claim the lead; although thousands, I am well aware, may be cited from among our songs of corresponding excellence. Never shall I forget that night when the news of Nelson's *victory of the Nile* reached us. I was at Drury-lane, and the theatre was crowded. These *four* songs were alone called for and sung. I exulted as much at thus witnessing the sublimity of the national feelings, thus wound up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, as my high-souled countrymen themselves could possibly exult at this recent and astonishing accession to their before unparalleled renown. It was, truly, *the national triumph of* MIND.

In an essay on this subject, Sir, I deem it my duty to notice, with sincere and disinterested applause, the surprising fertility of Mr. DIBDIN's Muse. To expect to find in all his songs the same "curious felicity" of expression, and equal dignity of thought, were to expect too much. But *this* claim to national regard Mr. D. may fairly be permitted and encouraged to prefer: *viz.* that, with hardly one exception, his pen has been assiduously, patriotically, and successfully employed, in the cause of humanity, and in the dissemination of generous senti-

ments; by a mode, at once the most simple, the most pleasing, and the most persuasive to unenlightened minds. "I have learnt," says Mr. DIBDIN, in his entertaining *Professional Life*, vol. i. page 8, "that my songs have been considered as an object of national consequence; that they have been the solace of sailors in long voyages, in storms, in battle; and that they have been quoted in mutinies, to the restoration of order and discipline."

It is a pity, Sir (to speak in the softest style), it is a great pity, Mr. Satirist, that a man like DIBDIN, who has devoted by far the best time of his life to benefit his country by refining the thoughts of her gallant defenders, should in his decline be still compelled to depend, *even for subsistence*, on the precarious profits of his own *recent* publications! I am not the vile democrat, that rudely and swinishly grunt my discontent at seeing merit of *any* kind honoured with reward: all I wish is, to find unfortunate merit of *every* kind encouraged; if that merit be merely of a private nature, let its recompense be private too; but if, like Mr. D.'s, it be of public utility, then let its liberal remuneration be public, exemplary, and proportionate.

In thus stating my disinterested wishes for Mr. D.'s welfare, I am proud to avail myself of an excellent passage from Mr. Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Police of the Metropolis*, where he says: "Even the common BALLAD-singers in the streets might be rendered instruments, useful in giving a better turn to the minds of the lowest classes of the people. They too must be amused; and why not, if they can be amused innocently? If through this medium they can be taught loyalty to the sovereign, love to their country, and obedience to the laws, would it not be wise and politic to sanction it?" Well may our modern Tyrtæus exclaim, with Bion of old,

Μισθὸν λίτῃ μ' ἀηδέα σον, ἑκὼν χὼ Φοῖβος ἀείδειν
Μισθὸν ἔδωκε· τιμὰ δ' ἐστὶ τὸ πραγμάτα κρέσσονα ποιεῖ.

"Grudge not my recompense; a song's reward
Apollo gave: honour improves the bard."

If, Sir, the foregoing observations should be productive of no other effect, they will at least stand as the deliberate sentiments of a plain man, who has himself been much gratified by Mr. DIBDIN's labours: sentiments, which I am the more desirous to promulgate, since I observed, that the fashionable author and singer of songs *loose*, *profane*, and *corrupt*, not only received a PRIZE as the reward of his important services, but also the public acknowledgment of an illustrious society, for having "*contributed to the happiness of their country!!!*"

Mrs. H. More (from laudable abhorrence, no doubt, of songs of this latter vile description) seems to cherish "a rooted loathing" of all convivial, light pieces to such a degree, that,* in the second part of Tom White, she gives an account of his sheep-shearing, in which she makes him have the 65th PSALM sung. On which the Rev. James Plumptre, M. A. fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, in his *Collection of Songs, moral, sentimental, instructive, and amusing*, very justly, and with great delicacy towards the lady, observes, in a note to p. 20: "Desirable as I should think it to have our sheep-shearings and harvest-homes conducted in such a way, as that a PSALM might be sung at them without profanation, yet from what I have myself seen of such meetings, I should scarcely think it desirable or practicable. The introducing cheerful proper songs seems to be *a middle step*, and might be the means of purifying singing."

I shall conclude this hasty little essay, Mr. Satirist, with

* See Mrs. More's WORKS, vol. v. p. 256.

an anecdote that corroborates Mr. Plumptre's opinion, and moreover evinces the truth of the four lines at the head of my letter.

Cobblers are noted for their attachment to singing whilst at work. As one of these worthy fellows was busily employed, *studio fallente laborem*, and briskly carolling,

"I've cheated the parson; I'll cheat him agen:
For why should the rogue have one pig in ten?
(*Da capo.*) One pig in ten,
One pig in ten,
For why should the rogue have one pig in ten?"

a demure, sanctified "babe of grace" rebuked him for thus opprobriously attacking *the cloth*. In vain poor Crispin apologized, and vowed he meant no harm by humming a lively ditty: his reprover rang the changes on the heinousness of the offence so long, that at last the mender of souls persuaded the mender of soles to imitate Tom White aforesaid; and clenched the bargain, by the present of a crown-piece. But few days had elapsed, when R*wl*nd H*al again passed by Crispin's stall, and, horror of horrors! *the Black Joke* now caught his ear. Amazed, incensed, enfuriated, he rushed up to the shed; and the moment our cobbler caught a glimpse of his face, the poor fellow kicked down stool, lapstone, and awl, and leaping up—returned the crown-piece, crying out: "There, your Honour; take the money, your Worship; bless your Reverence! 'twould have ruined me shortly. Would your Honour believe it? though I got up an hour sooner, I was three whole days mending two pair of shoes to

"All—peo-ple—tha à-àt—on—yearth—dò-òò—dwell:"

whereas, with *Morgan Rattler*, or *the Black Joke*, or any

of them there quick sort of tunes, do you see, I knocks them off cleverly in a couple of hours."

Yours, Mr. Satirist,

NE SUTOR ULTRA CREPIDAM.

P. S. This *naiveté* of thought is not peculiar to landsmen. Admiral DUNCAN always enforced prayers, at stated intervals, on board the ships under his command: and many a time has a boatswain's mate been heard to urge on the *tardies* to their duty, with—"B—— you! you Will Jones and Bob Jumpsen there; where are you? —D*mn you, you Sirs, *come up to pray!*"

A CHARACTER.

No. VIII.

FROM fair Hesperia's coasts and classic plain,
To English Liverpool's commercial reign,
The Patriot comes. Say, is his bosom fraught
With precepts by the Roman sages taught?
Say, did he now, by Mincio's sacred shore,
Those scenes that Virgil's lays inspired, explore?
Did he on Tivoli, with fond delight,
Trace of the Poet's dome the happy site?
Did he by Tiber's brink survey the shade,
By heroes, patriots, sages, sacred made?
Or did he mourn, in elegiac lay,
Of science, arts, and arms, the sad decay?
Did he, by bleeding Cannæ's fatal field,
Behold the race by Roman virtue steel'd,
Great in defeat, scorning in death to yield;
Who, bending not to Fortune's adverse stroke,
Spurning of Slavery the galling yoke,

Though fell invasion wasted round the shore,
Their dauntless arms to hostile Libya bore;
Till Cannæ's loss avenged on Zama's plain,
Proud Carthage falling mourn'd her ruin'd reign?
No.—Arno's banks, and arts that flourish'd there,
From classic scenes attracted all his care:
By Tiber's brink his fancy never hung,
On Brutus' daring arm and Tully's tongue,
His proudest aim to carol forth the praise
Of faded Rome in *Leo's golden days:*
Rome's ancient virtue sinking in his view
Before the shade of modern Rome's *virtù;*
While for the breath in Freedom's cause resign'd,
Great in defeat, the unconquerable mind,
He tries to bow his country's laurel'd head
Inglorious 'neath a bloody despot's tread;
Bartering, for short-lived Peace's shadowy name,
Britannia's safety, honour, strength, and fame;
Bending a people to a tyrant's gust,
Slaves of his power, or minions of his lust.

THE CANTAB.

No. II.

"Non minus interest quos adsciseas præceptores, quam quos nactus sis parentes. Etenim ut liberi referunt ferme majorum ingenium unde prognati sunt: ita præceptorum vitia demigrant in quos instituunt. Et honestæ vitæ institutio potissimum ab illis petenda est, qui *virtutem ipsis factis præstiterunt,* non ab iis *qui compositis arte verbis de virtute nugantur.*"—ERASMUS.

It might be supposed, that in a seminary devoted, in a very considerable degree, to the education of the clergy,

the most scrupulous attention would be paid to the service of religion, and that its outward ceremonies would be performed with the most fervent and impressive solemnity. It is foolish to expect that the young, the foolish, and the idle, will submit with willingness to those duties which are neglected or despised by the grave and authorized professors of religion. If their attendance at chapel be considered as a political restraint rather than a religious obligation; if the graduated members of a college are ambitious to violate the most solemn and important duties of their situation; and if the students be frequently gratified by the most indecent profanation of the most awful ceremonies of religion; it is ridiculous to suppose that the licentiousness and impiety of the undergraduates will be restrained either by the powers of the Master, or the impositions of the Dean.

The chapel is open every morning and evening. If a man attends *nine* times a week he escapes without notice; but should he be prevented by idleness or drunkenness from attending that number, he is punished by an order to attend *twelve* times in the succeeding week. Should he still prove refractory, he is given an imposition, *e. g.* a number of the Spectator to be turned into Latin, or a scene of Eschylus to be "done into English." Either of these, on paying the sum *1l. 10s.* he can procure at Nicholson's, *alias* Map's, the bookseller's; where declamations, themes, and all the other exercises of the college can be purchased "for *ready money only*." The times of attendance at chapel (eight in the morning, and five or six in the evening) are, of all others, the most unfavourable to devotion. In the evening too many are drunk; and in the morning, not to mention the *pleasures* of rising at eight, and of running to chapel in all the *rapture* of cold and vexation, the students are usually afflicted with a *college head-ache*. The consequence of such regulations is sufficiently ob-

vious. A *fresh-man* learns, in the first week of his seasoning, to consider the chapel as a kind of guard-house or muster-room, where a certain number of formulary lines are to be hurried over, *secundum artem*, for the amusement of the tutor, as a kind of rotatory plaything, which serves to fill up the time *as well as any other nonsense*. His imposition he generaly evades by taking out an *ægrotat*, or certificate that he is indisposed (*i. e.* to go to chapel), and thus avoids all the inconveniences of the *statutable* discipline, and may drink and frolic with the most perfect impunity.

Many of these abuses, however, might be obviated by the regular attendance of the fellows. Were the clerical dignitaries of the college to appear more frequently at chapel, and enforce these regulations by their own example, it is possible that the first impression they excited might be, in a great degree, corrected; and that the undergraduates might really believe attendance at chapel to be a religious duty. But it is not one time in ten that these personages condescend to grace such places with their presence. Their time is, in their own opinion, more profitably employed in playing at bowls, or talking scandal in the combination room. The Dean, alone, "of all this goodly train," is obliged to relinquish his pastime, or his bottle, and to administer spiritual comfort to his (sometimes *drunken*) congregation.

The chapel itself exhibits a scene of the most disgusting and disgraceful indecency. The Dean generally goes through the first part of the service to a single auditor. Towards the beginning of the first lesson "the students come in right frisky;" some running, some laughing, and some staggering. The lessons are not unfrequently read by a drunken scholar, who is either too blind to read what is before him, or too much inclined to v-m-t to pronounce what he can read. The rest of the men are, per-

haps; in the mean time, employed in tossing the candles at each other, in talking obscenity, or in d-mn-ng the Dean, the chapel, and the Master. Those who are not engaged in any of these amusements, and who are neither asleep nor *catting* in a corner, are usually employed in reading F—— H——, the Age of Reason, the Barouche Driver and his Wife, or some other *delicate* and *fashionable* production.

But the laxity of religious discipline is a proof only of indolence or weakness: there are abuses in the administration of religion which are at once disgraceful to the university in which they are permitted, and to the men who are guilty of so abominable and indecent a profanation of its most important ceremonies. Of this kind is the administration of the sacrament. Every member of the college is obliged to attend it; and neither the casual intemperance, nor the premeditated debauchery of the preceding night are considered as a sufficient apology for absence. The bread and wine are administered by the Master or the tutor with all the solemnity of deliberate b———y. The most perfect insensibility is displayed to shame and decency; and while the most solemn denunciations of divine vengeance are fulminated against those who approach the altar unworthily, it is frequently surrounded by violaters of morality, and the most deplorable victims of excess.

It is impossible to contemplate such a mockery of religion without horror and astonishment. It unites the folly of imprudence to the guilt of profanation; and without producing any beneficial effect on the conduct of the students, has a tendency to eradicate every religious impression, and to place the most awful ceremony of the Christian church on the footing of a pantomime. The principal actors in such scenes have triumphed too long. It is time for them to learn that the hour of retribution is ar-

rived; that neither the splendor of their learning, nor the plenitude of their power, are any protection against the severity of literary punishment.

L.

☞ *The Student's Memorandum-book in our next.*

NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

MR. SATIRIST,

WHETHER it was owing to the Newspaper Comparative Criticism in your number for February, or not, I cannot say; but certain it is, that the only novelty of the next month created no contradictions. *In and out of Tune* put all the newspaper critics out of tune; and from this universal *discord*, harmony of criticism was produced, verifying that line of Pope:

"All discord harmony not understood."

They are, however, beginning to relapse again, as you will see from the following

NEWSPAPER COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

THE WORLD.

"One of the most striking defects of the piece, is the improbability of the circumstances of the plot; which neither the skill of the author, nor the fascination of the acting, can disguise. There is also something very indelicate, if not immoral, in the foundation of the story. The dialogue is often too much *laboured*, and unnecessarily protracted."—*Morning Herald.*

The Morning Post critique appears written by the same hand, as there is only a studied variation in the language. It, however, says: "Lady Bloomfield, though a part rather beneath the talents of Mrs. Jordan, is rendered highly effective in her hands."

"Perhaps there is, in a few instances, an unnecessary nervousness of expression . . . . . But, in general, the writing is *natural*, forcible, and *elegant*. It deserves to take a rank among the classical comedies of our language. Mrs. Jordan had a fine lady, and of course was out of her own sphere of acting."—*Chronicle*.

"Mrs. Jordan exerted herself in *Lady Bloomfield*; and to her powers the author is not a little indebted for the success of his piece."—*Oracle*.

"The character of *Cheviot* is *unnatural* in the extreme: there is nothing to be seen or imagined like him, either in life or fancy."—*Bell's Weekly Messenger, April 3*.

"Mr. Kenney has rendered his poor poet (*Cheviot*) socially virtuous and socially useful: he has elevated the *natural* melancholy of genius, by abstracting it from the effects of vicious habits; and has given a *natural* air to its romantic generosity," &c.—*Examiner, April 3*.

BONIFACIO AND BRIDGETINA.

"It is a kind of burlesque of the melodrame; and in many respects produces a ludicrous effect. As a burlesque drama it may be tolerated."—*M. Post*.

"It is, upon the whole, very diverting; and the music and scenery are extremely beautiful."—*Herald*.

* * * * * "It might have seemed a less miserable work; but as it is, we can only regret that Mr. Dibdin should have employed his time, and the proprietors their money, on a thing which seems likely to increase neither the reputation of the author, nor the profits of the theatre."—*Chronicle*.

"Did not meet with that good reception to which the author and manager, by their skill and liberality, might have confidently looked. It does not seem that the audience comprehend the drift of the piece: as it becomes more familiar to the town, its merits will be better understood, and better repaid."—*Aurora.*

You see, Mr. Editor, if you do not apply your whip, these guides of the public taste will soon be as bad as ever.

W. I.

GENERAL EDUCATION OF THE POOR.

SIR, *March*, 1808.

THE *meaning* of Whitbread, upon this subject, may be somewhat questionable; and that of Lancaster not perfectly upright as his person: but the intention of our beloved Monarch, in countenancing the Quaker's system of education, is beyond all compass of suspicion. With proper deference, therefore, I am about to prove, that there is more zeal than prudence in this anxiety for the general instruction of the British poor. I shall therefore propose a medium for the satisfaction of every body, and then conclude my letter.

I believe it cannot be controverted, that there are many more bad and indifferent books published in the English language than religious and instructive ones; nor that the human mind is more prone to indulge in specious and dangerous theories than in salutary and invincible demonstrations. From these premises I form my apprehensions that nine-tenths of our enlightened paupers will prefer reading the pernicious *errors* of Paine, Godwin, and Monk Lewis, to studying "sacred writ;" which, it is said, "our wisdom does exceed." Nevertheless it is

urged, and urged by *some* men of unquestionable piety and philanthropy, that *every* person ought to be enabled to read the Bible; neither shall *I* be found absolutely and altogether a dissenter on this point. But, Sir, in order to preserve the State whilst we support the Church; to avert the *tremendous consequences* of assisting our common people, *en masse*, to pore over and examine into the very *rudiments* of *rebellion*, *atheism*, and *lubricity*, through a general familiarity with vulgar reading, I strenuously propose that our poor shall be instructed in no other language than the HEBREW. So may they peruse the Holy Scriptures in their primitive and purest idiom; whilst the loyalty, christianity, and morality, of our honest plebeians shall continue to be unshaken, unperplexed, and unsophisticated.

I am Sir, your old friend,
under the new signature of

CAUTUS.

ALL THE TALENTS IN TARTARUS.

IT was not without frequent rebukes from Charon, and a repetition of the admonitory stanza, "Trim the boat, and sit quiet," that Lord Henry was prevailed upon to forbear sundry skipping see-saw motions in the boat, similar to those practised by a valiant apprentice when associated with screaming sempstresses on a summer voyage from Queenhithe to Vauxhall Gardens. Surely this was playing with edge tools! The leaky leathern bark in which they sat, unused to such heavy and turbulent guests, admitted a double portion of the black waters of Styx; which winding nine times round the white silk stockings of Lord Henry, so bedaubed his lower extremi-

ties as to make it extremely doubtful whether he could prevail upon any female ghost to become his partner at Pluto's grand ball. The poor young gentleman, therefore, was condemned to sit cross-legged and mute. Mr. W——m took a small portion of the waters in the hollow of his hand, and rubbed them on his face: their invulnerable qualities were instantly visible; and that senator was thenceforth transformed into a complete Joe Miller in bronze. Nothing more occurred worthy of a niche in the temple of history till they arrived on the opposite shore. A strange, ill-shapen monster here stood exhibiting his fangs, as if determined to oppose their passage. In his body he bore a strong resemblance to a Brentford post-horse: his three heads, bearing a human shape, barked incessant denunciations of vengeance, "with fear of change perplexing nations," and he had the ears of an ass, partly visible, and partly hidden by three red woollen nightcaps. The name of this *outré* being was Parliamentary Reform. ALL THE TALENTS had used him as a hobby-horse, in the old ride-and-tye fashion, previously to their entrance into power, and had promised the credulous beast good stabling in the King's Mews, if ever Fortune, by one of her pantomime tricks, should place the reins of government in their hands. They accordingly rode in at a full gallop upon the back of this poor animal; but had no sooner alighted than they turned him adrift, to chew the cud of reflection and the thistles of Wimbledon Common. Disappointment, chagrin, and hard living, soon shortened his days, and dispatched him to the realms of Pluto, a monument of whiggish gratitude. The natural sourness of his temper was, of course, far from being diminished by the sight of his betrayers: indeed he seemed resolutely determined to wreak his vengeance upon them without mercy or moderation. "What the devil shall we do now!" exclaimed Mr. S——n; "it is impossible

to pass that animal without the old panacea—a sop in the pan. It seems to me that all we have to do is to return as wise as we came." "Not so," answered the prudent Sybil. "I have that about me would soon quiet him, if he could even 'boast Ulysses' ear and Argus' eye." So saying, she drew from her huge ridicule of tattered velvet a quarto volume, and threw it to the enraged quadruped, who hastily tore it open, and the word *Madoc* was exhibited on the title-page, written in the old church text. He had not pored over two pages of that celebrated poem when its narcotic virtues became obvious: he blinked and reeled; sleep closed his eyelids; and his triple nostrils began to snore like three Presbyterians at an evening lecture. Lord E—— now eagerly shook the rest of THE TALENTS by the hand, congratulating them on their escape from the fangs of the exasperated animal: "I have," said his Lordship, "when young, in Scotland, made medicine my particular study; and, I have no doubt, his bite would have produced hydrophobia." "That's a disease I have long laboured under," cried Mr. S——n; "the sight of water makes me sick: but, alas! not a drop of claret is allowed to the prisoners by the inexorable Pluto. Lead on, then, to the banks of Lethe, and let me drown in water the remembrance of wine."

Before the gates of hell a spacious court is erected, with a species of New Drop raised in front. Here sits the inflexible Minos, in appearance not unlike the Recorder of London. In the first rank of victims stood those who had laid violent hands on themselves. According to the wise laws of Minos, the conviction of having committed that crime is not confined to those who make use of those vulgar implements, pistol, rope, or gun: no, he has wisely considered that there are various modes of self-immolation, more slow, but not less certain, in their operation than the

instruments above mentioned, and has proportioned his punishments accordingly. He considers all those guilty of that crime who in their course of life, whether physical or moral, have neglected or refused to give Nature fair play. ALL THE TALENTS were filled with consternation at finding enrolled in that sorrowful fraternity confirmed drunkards, whose claret had been daily tinged by the beams of Aurora; city brewers, who had exhausted at the gaming-table those hours which should have been devoted to the invigorating embraces of Somnus; and married libertines, who had quitted the couch of Hymen to join the orgies of Venus. In a lower scale of punishments were placed suicides of another description. Antiquated bachelors, who had married young wives; ladies of fashion, who had braved the blasts of Boreas in the costume of Eve; and conceited old maids, who, by poring over Buchan and Willich, had taken upon them the task of physicking themselves and family without the intervention of that regular master of the ceremonies in the court of Pluto, a Scotch physician. "Alas!" cried the dejected Lord G——; "why, O Sybil, didst thou not reveal this to us before? If offences like these are denominated suicide, and punished accordingly, which of our party 'shall escape whipping?" The Sybil was about to answer, when she was interrupted by the appearance of a stern and majestic spectre, whom, on a nearer approach, the abashed Lord G—— descried to be the shade of Burke. Conscious guilt now shook his massy frame: he would fain have retreated, but flight was impracticable! At length he stammered out the following words: "Unhappy shade! I see by your eye that I have incurred your displeasure. I call the Gods to witness that it was with the greatest reluctance I quitted that party in which you left me. Believe me, departed shade, I am as much

ashamed of my soldiers as my bulky predecessor Falstaff; and could I cast them off with the slightest prospect of benefiting myself, I could not hesitate a moment. Stay, I conjure you, and hear me." The spectre now waved his hand with a look of disdain; and, throwing down a parchment scroll, vanished into Elysium. The mortified Teller of the Exchequer seized the instrument, and read as follows: "Apostate from the cause of truth and virtue! canst thou reflect on thy degenerate state without shame and confusion of face! Deserter from the camp of the Tories, thou canst at best be looked upon as a spy in that of the Whigs. If thou didst not possess impudence equal to thy bulk, or hadst not persuaded thyself that the public had already drunk of the waters of Lethe, thou surely hadst never attempted thus to cajole them in the face of all thy former professions. Recal, ere thou drinkest of those oblivious waters, that debate in the British senate, in which thy new master Fox denominated the French Revolution a glorious fabric of human wisdom; and I called it a bloody, cruel, ferocious, confiscating democracy. Survey the locusts which have sprung from it; and then say which is the prophet? Thy pantomime processions and Sancho feasts, now given to the exiled Louis, may impose upon the vulgar, but can never save thee from the ridicule and contempt of the enlightened. Go, and make thy peace if thou canst with the shade of Fox, with mine thou never shalt." Lord G—— now dropped the scroll from his trembling hands, sighed deeply, and sunk senseless to the ground.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A FABLE.

"Rape, congere, aufer, posside: relinquendum est."
MARTIAL, viii. 43.

MUCH is my moral Muse inclin'd
To guard from guilt each generous mind!
Oh! could I raise a tuneful strain;
Had I the moralizing vein,
That, part in earnest, part in play,
Enlivens every verse of Gay;
Haply, the present TALE might please,
'Tis of a miller, fox, and geese.

GRIPUS, good soul, of geese was fond,
But miss'd some often from his pond:
At length, he set a careful wight
To watch them morning, noon, and night;
Giving him hopes, in time, to share
The feast protected by his care.

Now summer gales were almost o'er,
The lurid skies began to low'r;
Thick and more thick came on the dew,
Chill and more chill the north wind blew.
One evening, urg'd by choice or fate,
Our rustic at his club sat late;
Drinking success to honest millers,
Cornfactors, brewers, and distillers;
Hailing, with jocund shrug and leer,
The pithy wish, that grain were dear.
Huge hoards of grist lay in his mill,
He pledg'd the toasts with right good-will;
Fondly in hopes, by cunning measures,
To store his purse for future pleasures:

Alas! how vain our wisest schemes,
And fugitive, like madmen's dreams!*
With breast surcharg'd, and muddled head,
GRIPUS lay snoring on his bed,
When, at a very early hour,
His scout came thumping at the door:
"Rise, Measter, rise! In yonder mead
I zpied a zpanking vox, indeed!"
Though feverish fumes assail his brain,
Up GRIPUS starts, with joy, amain;
Loads well his gun, and leaves his lodge,
Accompanied by Tray and Hodge:
His journey leads across a swamp,
The morning's raw, the grass quite damp,
Numb'd are his hands, and wet his feet;
He slights it all: revenge is sweet.
Lo! where a giant oak appears,
Scath'd by the storms of other years,
Yet, still, in sullen majesty,
Rearing its shatter'd form on high.
Hither slinks Hodge; and on his nose
His left forefinger takes repose;
His right points out the crafty stranger,
Alert, unconscious of all danger,
Intent his audience to beguile
With canting tone, and specious wile;
The wide-beak'd flock had hush'd their clanging,
And thus sly Reynard stood haranguing:
"Dearly belov'd! O'er all the plain
Stern Autumn vindicates his reign.

* Ἄνθρωπος ἐὼν μὴ ποτὲ φήσῃ ὅ, τι γίνεται,
Μηδ' ἀνδρὶ ἰδὼν, ὅσσον χρόνον ἔσσεται.
Ὠκεῖα γὰρ ἀδὶ πάντετι ῥέπει μοῖρα
Οὕτως ἀ μετάφασις.

Observe my grief; behold the tear
That flows in sympathy sincere;
Too soon, alas! each feather'd sinner
Shall search around, in vain, for dinner:
Amend your ways; Oh! list to reason!
Anticipate the Winter season!
Soon shall the streams, that glide around,
In adamantine chains be bound:
Say, by what magic can ye save
Those starveling bodies from the grave?
How can ye, silly, thoughtless elves,
Ah! say, how can ye help yourselves?
" Ponder my words. Within that wood
Lurk superfluities of good:
All these, my friends,—I mean no wrong,
All these, dear friends, to you belong:
Snug in my cell I'll stow you warm,
I'll shelter you from every harm;
Enter my charitable door,
Fraud, frost, and famine pinch no more.
Fain would my zeal your footsteps draw
Far from the miller's ravenous maw:
Oft have your ancestors been led
To rest beneath my lowly shed;
Which of all them, since ye were born,
Return'd to gorge your tyrant's corn?
He keeps you solely for his use;
He *feeds*, but, ah! he *eats* his goose!"—
More had he whin'd; but, straight, a sound
Of bursting thunder roars around:
And leaden ministers of death
Transpierce his frame, and stop his breath.
Shouting, our miller homeward hies,
And nails aloft the hard-earn'd prize;

Conspicuous on a beam within
Hang Reynard's brush and outstretch'd skin.
O'er mantling draughts of nut-brown ale
GRIPUS resolves to vaunt the tale,
At Michaelmas and Christmas tide,
And many a yearly feast beside.*
Fond, foolish churl! Thou ne'er shalt tell
The deed by which thy plunderer fell.
On the dank marsh he long had stood;
The late debauch had fir'd his blood;
Fierce ague racks his limbs with pain,
Resistless fever mounts his brain,
Sleep from the raving maniac flies,
Convulsions seize him, and he dies.
Ye selfish, peculating knaves,
Of villainy, ye sordid slaves;
Wise ones, who in your generation
Monopolize all commendation;
Who grasp alone at worldly gain:
To you this FABLE pleads in vain.
But, oh! thou noble-hearted youth,
Whose bosom burns with love of truth;
Who ne'er wilt lift a traitor's hand
To spread deception through the land;
No proud oppressor's dupe or tool,
Live and let live, thy golden rule:
Act thy part well, whate'er thy fate,
No matter when, or what, its date;

* Ελπὶς δὶ πάντας κάλλιστιν θεὶν τρίφει,
Ατρηκτον ὀρμαινονται, ὀι μὶν ἡμέρην
Μίνυσιν ἐλθεῖν, ὀι δ' ἐτέων περιτροπάς.
Νίωτα δ' ἀδὶις ὀχις ὰ δοκεῖ βροτων
Πλὰτυ τὶ κ' ἀγαθοῖσιν ἔξεσθαι φιλον.
Φθάνει δὶ τὸν μὶν γῆρας ἄζηλον λαβὸν,
Πρὶν τέρμ' ἱκηται· τὸς δὶ δύσνοι νοσοι
Φθείρουσι ζωντων.

So, when this sojourning shall cease,
Thy latter day shall end in peace.
To virtuous souls much good is given
On earth, and endless bliss in Heaven.

NOTORIOUS FASHIONABLE CHARACTERS.

No. I.

CLARA.

"Clara que in luce refulsit."—Virg. Æn. i. v. 192.

It is not a desire to gratify the present depraved taste of the fashionable world for private anecdote, that induces us to become the biographers of its most *notorious* members, but the hope that by divesting vice of her meretricious attractions, and exposing her in her native deformity, we may deter the rising generation from imitating and emulating the destructive examples which they too frequently encounter, even beneath the roofs of their guardians and their parents.

Agreeable manners, a dazzling genius, a fine person, or a fine voice, are now considered sufficient passports to admit even the most profligate into fashionable society. The elegant betrayer of innocence is flattered, the brilliant scoundrel is applauded, the lovely gamester is enthusiastically admired, and the Syren prostitute is the theme of universal commendation. Daily do we witness the ruinous effects of this dreadful dereliction of all social and moral duties: daughters lured from their indulgent parents by mercenary and speculative villains: sons robbed of their future inheritance by practised sharpers, and husbands bereft of every domestic comfort by artful and ac-

complished seducers. The lily blooms not beneath the pestiferous shade of the baneful yew; neither will virtue flourish if attempted to be reared in the same soil with depravity; and unless parents will protect their offspring from the blasting influence of such characters as we are about to delineate, they must not be surprised if the fairest promise should produce the most corrupted fruit.

At an early age CLARA had the misfortune to lose her father; and before she attained her seventeenth year, the still greater misfortune to be generally admired for her vivacity and beauty. Nothing could excel the splendor of her complexion, the symmetry of her person, or the fascinating effect of her luxuriant tresses, which wantoned with *studied negligence* on a bosom of alabaster.

Her conversation was seldom enlivened by any brilliant sallies of imagination; but she possessed that natural *gaieté de cœur*, and self-confidence, which generally procure a pretty woman the reputation of being "clever." Ambitious of imitating the extravagances of fashion, Mr. ——— lived in a most expensive style; and when he died, his fortune was found to be so materially injured, that CLARA and her elder sister had little else to depend on than their skill at loo and whist, in the mysteries of which they had been already initiated. Captain C. generously invited them to reside in his house; but such was the levity of their conduct, that, dreading the effect of their example on his amiable daughters, he soon repented of his kindness, and requested their immediate departure.

CLARA was now the most notorious flirt in London; and so little did she study propriety of behaviour, that we have known her visit public balls with no other *chaperon* than the celebrated Mr. M.... D..., who was then suspected of filling the *honourable* office of *pander* to a Prince. On one of these occasions a circumstance occurred, which may serve to prove that Nature had not

gifted our heroine with more beauty than effrontery. In the middle of a dance a gentleman discovered a piece of *dirty* white ribband tied to a bit of *ferret*, and forming together not a very *elegant*, nor, as it appeared, a very *effective*, ligature for restraining the upper part of a silk stocking from obeying the laws of gravitation: he immediately elevated it upon a chandelier, and the undaunted CLARA instantly claimed her property. On another occasion we recollect, that she and her sister were, by the unanimous voice of the whole company, expelled the ball-room for appearing and behaving in a most indecent manner.

CLARA was always most expensively arrayed, but nobody has yet discovered who paid her milliner's bills: she was universally followed by the men, but as she was not "CLARA *micante auro*,"* nobody thought of offering her his hand, till a silly Hibernian, heir to a title and a splendid fortune, was so captivated with her beauty, that notwithstanding his brows were already decorated with matrimonial honours, he asked, she granted, and they were married.

The wife of an *honourable* (by *courtesy*), our heroine was now received into the highest circles: her good-natured husband was proud of the admiration she excited; he furnished her with money, and she furnished him with —sufficient cause of uneasiness. At loo she was generally successful, because, as we have witnessed, when she had a bad-hand she always refused to play till she found most of her antagonists had followed her example, when she would pretend to have made a mistake, *select a hand* from all the thrown up cards, and vow she intended to play. Who could be such a Goth as to contradict a pretty woman?

* Ovid. Met. l. ii. v. 2.

CLARA's charms are now on the wane, but she is more lavish of them than ever. Her large full bosom, shamelessly exposed in her Opera box, attracts more eyes than the graceful attitudes of Catalani, and disgusts more than the horrible distortions of Madame Dusek. Her most favoured admirers are Lord S. and S., Lord P., and the Marquis of ———. The latter has in vain endeavoured to persuade his wife to receive her at her parties: he, however, ingeniously contrived to *smuggle* her into the P——* one evening, unknown to the Marchioness, by giving a masquerade, most of the tickets for which were distributed by the degraded CLARA. To Lord P. she imprudently wrote a most impassioned epistle, expressive of the ardour of her love, which he, not very honourably, exhibited to his companions: but nothing can abash the *abandoned;* and CLARA still dares to obtrude her "unblushing forehead" into honourable and virtuous society.†

A HINT TO THE LANDED INTEREST.

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR opposition to the measure which his Majesty's Ministers have proposed for the relief of our colonial planters, every reflecting man must consider as resulting from the purest and most patriotic motives. Self-interest is happily confined to the mercantile world, and debases not the bosoms of those noble-minded beings who boast the title of landlords, or lords of the land. Of this you gave the

* His Lordship's seat near S——c.

† Several families, however, have, we are happy to say, forbidden CLARA their houses; and it is even reported that the Lady Patronesses of a certain "*fashionable institution*" have refused to admit her as a subscriber. We shall call their attention to a few others who deserve similar treatment.

most irrefragable proof during the distressful scarcity which occurred a few years back. To punish the farmers for demanding such exorbitant prices for the produce of their labour, you wisely and most disinterestedly doubled, and, where the enormity of the offence required it, *trebled* their rents. Whether you distributed the thus acquired addition to your incomes among the poor sufferers whose wrongs you so humanely avenged, or converted it into a fund for the future education and benefit of their offspring, I have not yet received any authentic intelligence; but your philanthropic endeavours have unquestionably made your offending tenants repent their *wickedness*, by compelling them, against their wills, to persevere in vending their corn considerably above the price which had been previously considered a just and fair remuneration for their trouble in cultivating your lands. We all know that nothing so effectually cures the evil propensity of a horse to run away as forcing him to run till he drops; and we may thence conclude what the farmers must feel, whom you have compelled to continue their career of extortion. In return for this patriotic act, it would be the height of ingratitude to expect that our West India merchants should be relieved at your expence, and the very acme of folly to render your praiseworthy exertions of no avail. If Ministers carry their plan, of permitting distillers to use sugar, into execution, the dreadful consequence will be, that farmers will reduce the price of wheat to six shillings a bushel, barley to four shillings, oats to two shillings and sixpence; and you gentlemen, "*miserabile dictu*," must either reduce your rents to their former level, or turn farmers yourselves. The political economist cannot but contemplate the prospect of such disastrous events with horror and alarm. Bread will probably fall to eightpence the quartern loaf, and idleness will cease to labour when the necessaries of

life shall be so easily procured! If the West India planters must be assisted, let the whole nation contribute! The increased price which the labourer now pays for his bread and his porter is an incitement to industry, and, at the same time, but a trifling remuneration to patriotic landholders for their disinterested conduct in stepping forward to punish the farmers when they oppressed the poor. Let him contribute a little towards the support of our colonies, and he will have a further inducement to exert himself. His *avengers* will continue to enjoy the reward of their philanthropy and justice. Bread will continue at eleven pence the quartern loaf, and beef at eleven pence a pound.

To Mr. Whitbread I particularly address myself: his humane endeavours to enlighten the minds of the poor by his plans of education: his anxiety for their welfare in keeping up the price of his porter, and thus preventing them from drinking too much of that narcotic beverage, to the injury of their constitutions: his endeavours to place the government of the country in the hands of men as *disinterested* and patriotic as himself: his universal benevolence, which extends even to our enemies, and embraces all the world, our *cruel ministers* alone excepted: and his persevering attempts at *patriotic* oratory, which neither opposing Ministers, nor *opposing Nature*, can prevent, are separately and conjointly irresistible motives for conferring upon him this honorary distinction. Trusting that he and all of you will persevere in your laudable and disinterested endeavours to thwart the impolitic views of his Majesty's Ministers,

I am, Gentlemen,

Your very obedient servant,

April 19, 1808. MISAPATES.

THE LOITERER.

No. V.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, which more strongly marks the refinement of the present age than that delicacy of expression, that proscription of all words of strong meaning or inelegant sound, which is observable not only in the works of every fashionable author, but even in the ordinary conversation of all those who wish to be considered above the common level of society. In this, as in every thing else which relates to taste, we have only imitated the admirable practice of the ancients; who were very careful, particularly the Athenians,* the most elegant and polished people of antiquity, to soften the appellation of things, which naturally conveyed unpleasant ideas: thus, if they had occasion to speak of the Prison, Jack Ketch, or the Furies, they used the politer terms of "the mansion, the public minister, the venerable goddesses." How closely we have conformed to this example is almost too obvious to require illustration; but, as familiar and striking instances, we may observe, that murder is called an affair of honour, an unfortunate rencontre; and even the grave and formal courts of law have, in one particular, so far complied with the general fashion of the time, in compliment perhaps to its favourite pursuit, as to class ADULTERY (if I may still use the word) among the most agreeable and innocent of our amusements, gallantly

* Το μη δυσφημα λεγειν πασι τοις Παλαιοις φρονιμε ην, μαλιστα δε τοις Αθηναιοις· διο και το Ευσεμνηριον, οικημα εκαλουν, και τον Δημιον, Κοινον· τας δε Ερινυας, τιμιας θεας.

Helladius Besantinous apud Photii Bibliothec: sect. 279. p. 1593. edit. 1653.

terming it *conversation;* and only qualifying the term by the epithet *criminal*, to render it the subject of damages and of legal investigation. To such a degree of perfection, indeed, is this refinement carried, and so studious is the polite world to avoid any offence to the feelings of those with whom it is likely to have intercourse, that the ancient enemy of mankind is no longer insulted with the opprobrious name of Devil, but is spoken of either with praise, as a gallant spirit, or with commiseration, as the poor mistaken angel.

In the same manner all the grosser passions and vices have received new denominations, and, under these, are admitted familiarly to the best company: like those favourites of fortune, whose origin and manners are concealed under a newly-acquired title, and whose highest recommendation to the notice of the polite world is their ability to entertain and administer to its refined luxury.

The advantages likely to arise from this system of reform are too apparent to stand in need of argument to enforce them: the refinement of the language of any nation has always been taken to be the surest evidence of the refinement of its manners. By banishing from the language, then, all words expressive of folly or of vice, we may become, in appearance at least, a most wise and virtuous nation at a very easy rate. Indeed, when no terms are found in the language of a people to express certain objects, it is natural to conclude that the objects themselves are unknown: as the ancient Mexicans, when invaded by the Spaniards, had no name in their language for ships or guns, because they had neither guns nor ships amongst them. It was a celebrated saying of the famous Mirabeau, that "words are things;" and, in fact, they are the things which oppose the most formidable obstacles to the perfect enjoyment of all our desires; the very apprehension of which is often alone sufficient to damp the boldest

ardour of enterprize. A people that would have free liberty to think and act according to natural impulse and feeling, must banish these bugbears of society, and level the fanciful barrier which they have erected between what is agreeable and what is morally right. This in a great degree, as is before observed, has already been done among the more elevated classes; who very properly take care to keep out of sight all things that may be offensive to themselves or their acquaintance. The senses of the vulgar are neither so delicate naturally, nor so refined by education, and these things, therefore, give them less offence: though the pigstye which adjoins their hut be a nuisance, they wish not to remove it, because it is a profitable one.

The revolution which this must produce, and indeed has already produced, in the literature of the country is sufficiently evident. Wit and humour, whose very existence was supported on the food supplied by Folly and Vice, must cease to exist where they are no longer to be found. Satire will be deprived of his lash, and sink into a mere tea-table gossip. No word will be suffered to stain a modern page that is not perfectly innocent of meaning, no allusion admitted which can offend the delicacy of the nicest sensibility, or raise a conscious blush upon the time-chastened cheek of antiquated virginity. Nothing, indeed, can be more natural or reasonable than the general anathema pronounced by the polite world against the use, in modern works, of all images and expressions which they term indelicate or gross; for what amusement could they possibly derive from contemplating, as in a mirror, the mere reflection of their own thoughts and actions: unless we imagine them to be like those self-enamoured fops, who ogle their ugly semblance in the glass till they fancy a hidden beauty lurking in every frightful feature.

As there will still, however, remain, in spite of the decrees of fashion, a number of ill-judging persons, who

will prefer the coarse sallies of wit and humour to the elegant conversation of fashionable refinement, a complete reformation in literary taste can never be effected while the works of those who have chiefly contributed to vitiate it are suffered to exist. Shakspeare, who has been superstitiously looked up to with reverence as the glorious sun of the literary hemisphere, and all the brilliant planets that have revolved in dazzling order around his resplendent orb, must all be put out by the modern fashionable extinguisher—delicacy. Their works must be consigned to the flames by the common hangman, or only such castrated copies of them preserved as may be contemplated without offence by the chastest eye. The dull ribaldry of Swift, the vapid effusions of Sterne, the coarse and unnatural pictures of Fielding and of Smollet, which cannot but disgust the present refined taste of society, must be proscribed and branded with infamy. The office of licencer of the press should be again established; and his *imprimatur* should be granted to no one who had not thoroughly studied the fashionable phraseology. We should then no longer hear things disgustingly called by their plain old fashioned names; nor would the delicate sensibility of fashionable refinement be shocked by the repetition of antiquated and odious distinctions between vice and virtue, which are only fit for the conventicle, to frighten sour devotees and enervated voluptuaries.

LEADEN FRISK, OR CONJECTURAL WIT.

Perhaps! Perhaps! Perhaps!

NOTHING can well be imagined more seriously ridiculous than clumsy dulness affecting to appear light and

playful: you may put lead into the thermometer, but it will not mount even to the freezing point. To please, wit must be natural and easy; all effort and exertion only tend to counteract the desired effect. The lower order of society, who, generally possessing humour themselves, and judging only from their own feelings, are, perhaps, best qualified to decide on such a subject, have not unaptly likened the awkward efforts of a dull-brained fellow affecting to be witty to a cow dancing; or a fat heavy goose attempting to fly.

It would not be easy to find, even in the productions of our modern hackney dramatists, dull and unnatural as they are, so complete an example of this species of vapid humour, as is exhibited in the passage pointed out to us in the following letter.

MR. SATIRIST,

As you did me and our club the honour to pay such very polite attention to my former communication,* take the liberty of addressing you again, particularly as what I have to say partly concerns yourself, and which you may never otherwise hear of.

You must know, Sir, that when we meet at night we generally talk over the news of the day. Politics, you may be sure, are not forgot. But as most of our club are military men, and belong to the R. Y. Marybone Volunteers (which, though I say it, that perhaps ought not to say it, being myself a corporal in it, is as fine a corps as any in the service), all military matters, such as accounts of battles and courts-martial, are particularly attended to: for as we don't know how soon we may have to do with them ourselves, it is right to know something about

* See PHILANTHROPIC BEAR, and Mr. R. Ringlet's letter prefixed to it, Satirist, No. VI.

the matter. So it was moved in the club, that we should subscribe to purchase some cheap and good account of the trial of General Whitelocke; and our President, who, as you must remember I told you in my last, is a bookseller's assistant, was requested to procure one which he could recommend. This he kindly consented to do, and to charge it to the club at trade price. Just then, however, who should come in but Mr. THOMAS TWISS, the taylor; who, upon hearing what the motion was, told us that the whole trial, taken in short-hand, and superbly printed in forty columns, was to be *given* away for nothing to all as bought a new Sunday newspaper, called the NATIONAL REGISTER. We did not believe him scarce at first, though he told us a near relation of his was the foreman employed in cutting out materials, and making up the paper, till he recollected he had a *prospect* in his pocket, which, sure enough, made his words good. Upon which one gen leman observed, that it was like passing off a *duberous* shilling, by putting it between two good halfpence, and giving it to a beggar: but I said, I thought it was more like the shaving shop near Temple Bar, where you got shaved for a penny, and had a *pail full* of gin into the bargain. Another gentleman, however, remarked, that he did not see, for his part, why one account of the trial should not be as good as another; that a penny saved was a penny got; and we had no right to look a gift horse in the mouth. So we bought the NATIONAL REGISTER, and had with it what we thought was the *whole* trial of General Whitelocke, but we soon found that we had been taken in; that we had only got part of the trial, and we must buy another NATIONAL REGISTER to complete it. Well, as a half was no use to us, we bought the other part, for which we were now obliged to pay a stamp duty, besides buying the NATIONAL REGISTER; and after all we found that the last part of the trial

was all *entailed*,* and scarce any of the notes were given which were referred to: and 'twas all in such a hamper and *twist*, that the old one himself could not have *entangled* it. Nineteen pence halfpenny, however, was not much to lose, but one does not like to be made a fool of; and the trick, it seemed, had pretty well imposed upon the public: for Mr. Mite, an eminent cheesemonger and worthy member of our club, had been used to have all the former numbers of the NATIONAL REGISTER for waste paper, and was sadly nonplusd by the unexpected sale of it.

But you will say, Mr. Satirist, what is all this preamble to you? You shall hear presently; but I must tell a story my own way, or I should never get to the end of it. Mr. Twiss saw that the club was not very well pleased at having been gulled, so he said he was sorry for the disappointment he had been the cause of, but begged to tell us that we had still got our penn'orth for our penny; "for," says he, "in the last NATIONAL REGISTER which you bought (that is, the one for March 27), there is such a piece of *superfine* wit, as you never saw before in your lives. My cousin HORY TWISS made it. 'Tis about one Mr. Hook: and, odsbodikins! Hory has *hook'd* him. Egad, he has cut him out, and sewed him up in such style; he! he! he!"

Upon this Mr. Twiss was desired by the President to deliver his cousin's wit for the benefit of the company. So, standing upon the table, Mr. Twiss began to read a long story about the managers of Drury-lane theatre having refused a piece of Mr. Theodore Hook; and all because he "had written abusive criticisms on his theatrical friends in a magazine called THE SATIRIST, or *Monthly Something*."—"There's a slap at them," said Mr. Twiss, when

* *Curtailed*, our friend R. Ringlet would say.—*S.*

he came to this place: "as my cousin Hory said, he has extinguished their METEOR, you see." "Has he," said the President: "what does he think to hide the sun under a *Twiss?*"* Mr. Twiss was a little daunted at this, as the laugh was all against him, so he began reading again; but I have cut out this passage and the next from the paper, that you may be sure you have them correct.

"As if Mr. Theodore Hook, or any other young wit, had not a perfect right to show his humour by his *personality*,† and turn to a public account the little gleanings that he might collect from the foolish ingenuousness of private society!"

"But now," said Mr. Twiss chuckling, "you shall hear how cousin Hory works his button-holes. Egad, you'll die of laughing." Then he went on reading again.

"What there might have been in the piece thus rejected, we now can only conjecture. Perhaps there was a part with songs for Mr. Braham—perhaps some puns for Mr. Matthews—perhaps a dance for M. D'Egville's pupils—perhaps the piece contained original matter (such as never was seen before)—perhaps it was all a translation from the French—perhaps there was a dog in it—perhaps a devil—perhaps a flour-sack for the concealment of a hero—perhaps a serious ballad with very comical poetry

* See Satirist, vol. i. p. 212.

† We certainly do not intend to take up the cudgels for Mr. Hook, whom we believe to be perfectly able to defend himself against a more powerful attack than can be made by so contemptible an adversary as Mr. T.: but in an attack so directly *personal*, it is curious enough to see *personality* complained of. We cannot but admire Mr. T.'s sagacity in discovering that the theatrical criticisms are written by Mr. Hook: he may believe too, if he pleases, that he was the writer of the TWISS anecdote (Satirist, vol. i. p. 212), the truth of which he himself inadvertently admits, when he complains that it was "collected from the *foolish ingenuousness* of private society."—SATIRIST.

—perhaps there may have been good grammar.—Perhaps in this piece, thus shamefully rejected, perhaps, as Gray's Elegy has it,

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid'—

But the subject is too melancholy—we cannot continue it Oh!"

When he got to the end of it, Mr. Twiss strained so hard to make up a laugh, that he got a terrible *stitch* in his side, and was almost black in the face. We tried very seriously to find out the joke, but it was no use; so at last one gentleman remarked, that all the joke seemed to be *perhaps*, so perhaps there was no joke at all. Our President, however, said, that, without meaning any disrespect to the worthy member, Mr. Twiss, his cousin *Hory's* wit seemed to him to be, what he had heard a gentleman in his superior's shop call, one day, *leaden frisk*: "but," said the President, "for this once, like the *thieves* in the *Beggars' Opera*, he has *turned his lead to gold*; let him take care it does not turn at last to HEMP!"

I beg pardon, Mr. Satirist, for this long letter: if there is any joke in *perhaps* that we don't know of, perhaps you will be good enough to let us know. With the best respects of the club voted, Mr. Twiss only *diss*.

I remain your's most humbly,

High-street, Marrybone, R. RINGLET.
April 3, 1808.

N. B. Every article in ornamental hair in the most elegant style and newest taste at R. R.'s ACME OF PERFECTION, AND EMPORIUM OF BEAUTY. Also, rooms for *cropping* ladies in the most approved manner. Whiskers for young gentlemen.

THE POET AND HIS PEN.

IN IMITATION OF MARGARET'S GHOST.—TO A FRIEND.

'Twas at the dark and silent hour,
When sleep prevails o'er men,
Before the Poet's eye appear'd
His long neglected pen.

Its point with mould'ring ink was black
As any thunder cloud;
A cobweb on the feather hung,
And wrapt it like a shroud.

So must the fairest pen appear,
If long unus'd it lie;
E'en poets' pens will not escape
When thrown neglected by.

This pen once grew on goose's wing,
And drank the morning dew;
Thence pluck'd, it was the Poet's pride,
And others' envy drew.

But, ah! neglect, like cank'ring worm,
Destroy'd it in its prime;
By Poet inattentive grown,
Cast off before its time.

"Awake!" it cried, "thy pen behold,
Come from her inky cave;
Oh! let thy pity hear its 'plaint,
Though thou refus't to save.

"This is the dark and dreary hour,
When even pens complain,
And, in the silence of the night,
Reproach all faithless men.

"How could'st thou say my point was firm,
And yet forsake me quite?
How could'st thou cast me thus away,
And banish me thy sight?

"Thou promisd'st I should poems write,
(But ne'er that promise kept,)
The fame of heroes to record,
Whose fall Britannia wept.

"My point, alas! no more is firm,
My tube no more is fair;
Black is my form, now choak'd with filth,
No longer worth thy care.

"The spider now my mistress is,
This cobweb, lo! I wear;
And long in silence must I rest,
Of help I now despair.

"But, ah! my mistress drags me hence,
A long and last adieu;
See, cruel man, where lies the pen
Once so belov'd by you."

The chimney-sweep now scream'd aloud,
And rais'd his sooty head;
The Poet stretch'd his weary limbs,
And yawning left his bed:

He hied him to the writing desk,
Where unsoil'd paper lay;
And o'er its snowy surface straight
His fingers 'gan to stray.

Thrice he the Muse's name invok'd,
And thrice the paper tore;
Then laid his cheek upon the desk,
And soon began to—snore.

T. V. W.

TERM-TROTTERS.

"O seri studiorum!"—Hor.

O late learned dunces!

MR. SATIRIST,

Whether, in your time, the diversion of *term-trotting* was as much known and practised at our universities as at the present *enlightened* period, I cannot pretend to say. "Diversion" though I call it, it is often attended with very *serious* consequences, and always affects the health of *the mind.* In brief, and to speak after the manner of *academical* men, it is reckoned a *neat* thing among the *knowing* ones; —this ("knowing") is like *lucus a non lucendo!*—to *cut into* college as close to the commencement of the term as possible, and *out of it* as soon, after the stated expiration, as four hacks, and two good *flogging* riders astride, can convey them. The jolting of the chaise is reckoned an admirable thing for working off the meta-*physics*, and other *doctor's stuff*; insomuch, that I have known young men, by the time they have reached London, no more altered by their academical excursion than if they had just returned from a sporting party at *Newmarket.* Of these young *dashing* geniuses all the town rings, and they would be fit subjects for no common castigation from your faithful ally, Flagelantus; but, unhappily, they are *incorrigible!*

Let me beg, Mr. Satirist, you will bestow *a lash* on some *term-trotting* gentlemen of a very different cast. *Old boys!* as demure, and dull, and *stupid*, as any wights in *Christendom*. No *buckism*, but plenty of *buckram*, about them. Starch, stiff, formal, old *quizzes*, who—from losses in trade, *bankruptcies*, and such like (*unavoidable*) casualties—have, by way of consolation, *taken to* divinity, or, in the elegant phrase, *got ordained*; and so, that all may be of a piece, *term-trot* for a degree, in order that they may affix two, instead of Dr. Pangloss's three, *significant* letters to their name, viz. A. B.—A BLOCKHEAD!

The patriarch of Heathen philosophers enjoined—οτι ψυχρον, οτι βαναυσον, ιερα καταχρατιον.* Strange, Mr. Satirist, that—in the purest, most reformed church in Christendom—no prohibition of this kind should be sanctioned. Is it to be wondered that the sectarists *increase, and multiply, and replenish the earth*, when *Jeroboam's order* (a piteous, unedifying tribe!) are admitted into the established pulpits! It is notorious that not a few *term-trotting* MECHANICS are holding very lucrative situations in the church, to the exclusion of men of real learning, unaffected piety, and "sanctity of manners." What is, if this be not, in the strong language of the immortal Isaac Barrow on the same subject, "MONSTROUS INIQUITY?"†

I am aware it will be said, Mr. Satirist, that a man may be "*a good* WORKMAN," to use the apostle's expression, who has never *served his time* at either of our universities. True; but in the catalogue of *term-trotters* that now lies before me, and which was drawn up by a beneficed clergyman of very extensive connections, not one of this description occurs. It would be *something*, if their lives and conversations were *regular*; but these are generally the reverse!

* Arist. Po. vii. c. 6.

† See Sermon preached in K. Hen. VIIth's chapel, 1663.

The first on the list before me is a *ci-devant* attorney, living (I do not say "HAT," as he terms it) *near* Aldgate, who would be -

"A *decent* priest where monkeys were the Gods!"

This *gentleman* is *deeply* conversant in no other science than the *easy* acquired one of *hard* drinking. To the *fair sex* his *devotion* is intense and unremitting. How far they have been edified by his *addresses*, *they* best know themselves. Will it be believed, Mr. Satirist, that this "vice"* of priests, this *merry* ANDREW,* lately succeeded to the very comfortable situation of chaplain to the ——— ———! He holds, likewise, very lucrative appointments, and is enabled to live in "holy luxury" unto his life's end! This would not have been, had he trusted to "the DEEDS of the *law!*" I forgot to tell you, this gentleman is M. A. (*merry* ANDREW) of ——— *Coll.* OXFORD!!

A very sensible pamphlet appeared a few years ago, entitled "Observations on the rapid Decline of the clerical Credit and Character;" in which mention is made of an *inn-keeper* in Cheshire (formerly a *chaise-driver*) having been ordained to a valuable *living* in G. This *worthy* dignitary may still keep his *hacks*,† without any BAR to his (future) preferment!!

One of the most *pompous* LOOKING priests in the metropolis is the Reverend *Dr. Twistcross*, of Hogs-*Town*. His *wig*, if compared with that of the most learned man

* "A *vice* of kings."—Hamlet. "A *vice*," in old English, meant "a *merry* ANDREW." See Upton's "Critical Observations on Shakspeare, 2d ed. 1748.

† *Bi-peds*, q. d. *hack*-parsons! who *let* themselves out to *hire* by *the day*, or *for a single job!!*

of the present day, will be found much *above* PARR! Of the *contents*, however, *nothing* can be said. This *reverend* gentleman, who is literally "*stiff as buckram*," for many years followed the occupation of a STAYMAKER!!!

"I *do* remember an apothecary,"

a little dapper fellow, who whilom was living in *Bunhill*-row, near the *college* of Bedlam—for aught I know he may be living there still—who, to use his own words, finding his patients *die off* his hands, was determined to *work for death* no longer, and so took to "the *cure* of souls:" being "a fellow of infinite *wit*," on being accosted by one of his *quondam* patients, and asked his reason or motive for quitting *pharmacopœia*, he pleaded *physical* necessity, and referred his patient to the place where it is written, "Because I have *purged* thee, and thou wast not *purged*, thou shalt be *purged* no more!" This *ci-devant* mender of *bodies*, now of SOULS, parades the public streets of London daily, habited in a short cassock, with all the usual *costume* of a dignitary of the church!

"Sed non tali auxilio—
Eget ECCLESIA!"

Mr. Satirist, if any apology be necessary for the above strictures, let me shelter myself under the authority of the great, the immortal HOOKER,*—*venerabile nomen!* "Those whom all other *worldly hopes have forsaken* commonly reserve the *ministerial* vocation, as their LAST and SUREST refuge, ever open to *forlorn* men. These, finding nothing *more easy* than means to procure the writing of a few lines to some one or other which hath authority, and *nothing more usual* than too much facility in condescending unto such requests, are often received into

* E. P. B. V. § 80.

that *vocation* whereunto their *unworthiness* is no small disgrace....LET NO MAN SPARE TO TELL IT THEM, THEY ARE NOT FAITHFUL TOWARDS GOD, THAT BURDEN WILFULLY HIS CHURCH WITH SUCH SWARMS OF UNWORTHY CREATURES."

I remain, Mr. Satirist,
Your constant reader,
April 23. JEREMY COLLIER.

THE BABY OF THIRTY.

MR. SATIRIST,

I HAVE been credibly informed by a gentleman who has had the honour of a peep at a certain political HORN-book, that those first rudiments of select learning, intended for the children of disappointed ambition, concluded with an easy lesson, unnoticed in the explanation given to the admirable plate prefixed to your last number. This lesson, I think, was of too much importance to have been with propriety omitted, as I am given to understand it was soon greedily imbibed by the overgrown Babe for whom it was principally designed. It comprized a remarkably ingenious and conscientious argument for anarchy, the substance of which I beg leave to transmit to you, in order that you may be enabled to supply the omission I complain of. I should, indeed, be happy to see it inserted in your excellent publication, in that unadulterated state of artful simplicity with which it was originally penned by the inimitable abecedarian of Purley; but that I am apprehensive that it would not, in its native nakedness,

convey irrresistible conviction to any mind less candid and susceptible than that of Sir F. B. I have therefore taken the liberty to garnish the dexter margin of this appendix to the democratic alphabet with a few poetic flowers. I say margin only, because I profess no skill in the management of the little garden I lay claim to in Parnassus, beyond the disposition of a few of those ornaments round its border, vulgarly called rhimes.

CONFUSION MADE EASY.

AN INITIATORY LESSON FOR INFANTS OF THIRTY.

Think not, dear Franko, when I revel
In sensual pleasures, like a beast,
Or plot damnation, like a devil,
That I forget the Christian Priest;
And stare not, though you think it odd,
That, while my hand lies on my breast,
I swear that I'm a man of God,
And all Idolatry detest.
Canst thou resolve, my dearest lad,
Can thy constituents design;
Can I, who ne'er constituents had,
Though once, Old Sarum, thou wert mine;
To kneel to laws ourselves have made,
Or to the spirit or the letter?
But, hush! for, ah! the less that's said
Of English laws (rare things!) the better.
Yet when we see a mortal bow
To laws by mortals only plann'd,
Say, does he not, I prithee now,
Worship the work of his own hand?

'Tis gross Idolatry! O! pause
Ere thou the image men set up
Consents't to honour!—To all laws
Thus drink damnation!—Seize the cup!

If you should think it expedient to immortalize this choice specimen of reformatory rhetoric, I shall probably be tempted to solicit a similar honour for a few embellishments of some dry problems in the more abstruse inculcatory labours of the same incomparable preceptor, as a partial preventive against the destructive effects of their expected dissolution, by the unhallowed hands of the common executioner. In this branch of education, notwithstanding the all but impenetrability of the skull of the favourite pupil, it is not surprizing that he has made the proficiency he has, considering how unprecedentedly long he has been a schoolboy, to what length of days the period of his juvenility has been, and is yet likely to be, protracted, not indicating even the most distant danger of ever ripening into maturity. The lessons I allude to are of three and four syllables, principally exemplified in the words Popery, Conspiracy, Revolution, &c. &c. and are preparatory to an exercise on that monstrous polysyllable, that pinnacle of demagogic learning, that ultimatum of the T—keian school, national Annihilation.

Your constant reader, and increasing admirer,

Criss-Cross Row,
April 16, 1808.

ALPHABETICUS.

ANECDOTES, EPIGRAMS, &c.

FAIR EXHIBITERS.

ΠΑΝΤΩΝ μεν κορος ιφι, και ΜΑΖΩΝ και φιλοτητος.

HOM. I. 13. v. 636.

Of all things we may have enough,
Of love, and fair ones drest—IN BUFF.

At a late assembly, given by the Marchiones of S——y, the gentlemen were wholly occupied in endeavouring to ascertain the interesting fact, whether Mrs. P——n, or the Marchioness of L——ne, was the more liberal in the gratuitous exhibition of her natural panorama of *Brest harbour*. Considerable bets were laid upon the occasion, and Lord ***** was elected judge. His Lordship felt considerably embarrassed, declaring that the case was far more difficult to decide than any *neck and neck* race he had ever witnessed: he, however, after some minutes deliberation, delivered the following paradoxical opinion: "That Mrs. P——n generously shewed *all*, but that the Marchioness certainly shewed *more*." We understand that these liberal fair ones have determined to keep their exhibitions *open* for the remainder of the season.

EPIGRAM.

'Tis thus through life, avoid it all we can,
Some strange antipathy betrays the man;

Though bold in battle, seamen shun the rocks,
Bards fly from duns, and beggars dread the stocks;
'Gainst *Cold Bath Fields* each *seeming* patriot rails,
Rogues have such strong antipathy to *jails*.

THE HERO OF D-V-N-RE-PL-CE.

We understand that the inhabitants of D-v-re-Pl-ce, in consequence of their having been so frequently disturbed by the Bacchanalian eccentricities of Mr. ——,* resolved to indict him for a nuisance; but the gentlemen of the long robe were of opinion that the indictment could not be maintained, because Mr. —— was the oldest inhabitant of D-v-re-Place, and that consequently they came to the *nuisance*, and not the *nuisance* to them.

EPIGRAM ON A PATRIOTIC BREWER.

Who wonders why Sam (in that ill-fated hour
That brought all the scum, call'd *the Talents*, in pow'r)
Took no place, of that wonder I'll ease him;
In rejecting each offer much prudence was shewn,
For, maugre Sam's wishes, 'tis very well known
The place he *deserves* would not please him.

OPPOSITION ACCOUNTED FOR.

A *fleet* secur'd, an *order* timely made,
A *prohibition* wisely *not* delay'd,
Have baffled France; and whatsoever tends
To baffle her must irritate her *friends*.

* Vide Satirist, No. VI. page 30.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

The Private History of the Court of England. Two vols. 12mo. Price 12*s.* Crosby and Co. 1808.

It is a *cardinal* duty of the Satirist to warn the public against every species of empiricism and fraud, and the practiser of either shall be indiscriminately exposed to the "*terrors of our lash*," whether he be Mr. J. F. Hughes, of Wigmore-street, or Mr. B. Crosby, of Stationers'-court. We are sorry to *connect* the two names in the same sentence, and sincerely hope that we shall never again be compelled to do so. "The Private History of the Court of England!!!" Ye gudgeons of fashion! ye adorers of scandal! surely a more alluring bait never concealed a *hook* of disappointment. Oh, ye who have been *fortunate* enough to obtain a copy of the first edition of this exquisite literary composition, say what was your satisfaction when you discovered that you had paid twelve shillings for two small volumes, containing a *fictitious* "*Private Hisory of the Court of England*," not such as it *is* in the *nineteenth*, but such as the author *supposes* it to have been, in the fifteenth century?

When instead of a succinct account of all the virtues, errors, and amours, of the illustrious house of Brunswick, you read a mutilated, dull, and disjointed history concerning the rival houses of York and Lancaster, most

awkwardly interlarded with trite allusions to events of modern times?

Those who have not been blest with a peep at this *interesting* little work, are hereby informed, that the two volumes contain thirty-nine short chapters, which are thus *craftily* headed:—Vol. 1. chap. I. "*An heir apparent*;" meaning thereby Edward the Fourth, *during the life* of Henry the Sixth. CHAP. II. "*A tender attachment*;" that is, of the aforesaid Edward to one Maria de Rosenvault, a creature of the author's brain, and intended as the prototype of the fair, frail, and unhappy Mrs. Robinson. In this chapter the author talks about "the slothful rust of *apathetic* gallantry" (pretty! pretty! pretty!), "*soul-satisfying* remembrances" (how poetical), and "*errors*" (meaning *prostitution* and *adultery*), "so ameliorated by the finest virtues of the soul, that they scarce deserve the *harsh* name of *crimes*." CHAP. III. "*A victim to gratitude*;" meaning the said Maria de Rosenvault. CHAP. IV. "*The dangers of a court*," rather insipidly described. CHAP. V. "*Mistaken confidence*," in one Lovelace, who sets Edward and his brother at loggerheads; talks about freedom as lustily as Sir Francis Burdett; gets into power, and proves himself as errant an impostor as a certain great statesman who recently, *for the benefit of his country*—DIED! In this chapter we are introduced to the redoubted Warwick, Margaret of Anjou, and many other personages who did, and *did not*, exist in those troublesome times. CHAP. VI. "*A crafty widow*," one Lady Elizabeth Grey, who supplants Maria in Edward's affections, and marries him according to the forms of the church of Rome: what other forms of matrimony were common in those days, the author does not inform us. Then follows a delightful mixture of ancient and modern events, which brings us to CHAP. VII. "*A valuable friend, and an intriguing mistress*," Warwick

and Lady Elizabeth. CHAP. VIII. "*Princely recreations*," not very different from those now in fashion. In this chapter we are favoured with an account of the NEW SCHOOL of morality in *old* times, or, in other words, the ethics of *modern* France are antedated almost four hundred years. CHAP. IX. "*A reformation.*" The old story of Queen Margaret and the robber; but whether the word "*reformation*" alludes to this robber or King Edward, we cannot determine. CHAP. X. "*English rebellion and French policy.*" Anachronisms, insipidity, hacknied truths, and uninteresting falsehoods. CHAP. XI. "*Excursions to France.* Ditto, ditto, ditto, and ditto. CHAP. XII. "*A short peace with a treacherous enemy.*" Some allusions to the peace of Amiens, and a few common-place *modern* anecdotes, awkwardly piled upon the shoulders of ancient courtiers. CHAP. XIII. "*A cessation to the earthly sorrow of an unfortunate.*" *Id est*, the death of Maria de Rosenvault. CHAP. XIV. "*A triumph.*" Here the battle of Tewkesbury is blended most heterogeneously with some recent events, which the public have repeatedly read of in the daily newspapers. CHAP. XV. "*The sad chance of war.*" The glorious death of our immortal Nelson indecently parodied. CHAP. XVI. "*British ladies of former days*," in which we have a dull account of the manners and dress of ladies of the *present* day. CHAP. XVII. "*Disappointed ambition;*" imprisonment of Margaret of Anjou. CHAP. XVIII. "*A change of ministry*," said to have taken place in the fifteenth, but similar to the last, which in reality did take place in the *nineteenth* century. *This* chapter proves that the author is capable of writing a work which might challenge the severity of criticism: indeed his language, with few exceptions, is correct; and we heartily regret that he has prostituted his talents to defraud, instead of employing them to enlighten, a generous and unsuspect-

ing public. CHAP. XIX. "*Power superior to justice.*" More *trite anecdotes.* CHAP. XX. "*A character*"—of *Henry the Seventh;* if it is meant also to be a portrait of some modern Prince, we confess our inability to discover whom it is meant to represent. CHAP. XXI. "*A mystery*;" the author should have said a *fiction*, introduced to fill up the few pages which Mr. Crosby has vouchsafed to sell for TWELVE SHILLINGS. And here endeth the first volume. VOLUME II. CHAP. I. "*An injured Princess.*" And who is this injured Princess! exclaim our readers. To which we reply, Bona, Princess of Savoy, whom the author, in defiance of *historical* authority, has *conveniently* married to Edward the Fourth: the title was alluring, and that's all a modern author considers. CHAP. II. "*An investigation, and a tour to the North.*"

> "Be these *juggling fiends* no more believ'd,
> That palter with us in a double sense;
> That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break *it to our hope.*"—MACBETH, A. v. Sc. 7.

CHAP. III. "*Eccentricity.*" A fictitious character, wholly unconnected with the rest of the work. CHAP. IV. "*Fashionable depravity of the fifteenth century.*" A lady cornutes her husband with his friend; no very uncommon thing, alas! in the *nineteenth* century. CHAP. V. "*Artful politics, and fashionable folly.*" LOUIS XI. converted into a Buonaparte, and men of fashion into coachmen. Vide *Hyde Park*, *Piccadilly*, and *Bond-street.* CHAP. VI. "*The dissolution of a corrupt parliament.*" "*Oh!* 'tis a cunning rogue!" CHAP. VII. "*Nobility.*" Nothing to do with the work, nor, as we imagine, with any thing else. CHAP. VIII. "*A letter*" from Blanche, of Bretagne, to the Princess of Savoy; well written, but containing nothing new." CHAP. IX. "*Delights of Constantinople.*" Disgusting. CHAP. X.

"*Ambition, and disappointed love.*" A pretty story for pretty misses. CHAP. XI. "*Treachery and cruelty inimical to peace.*" A little fiction to increase the size of the volume. CHAP. XII. "*Ill-sorted attachment.*" Some account of Sir Thomas Knollys, *alias* Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and of his son Tom; the only novelty of which consists in the information, that the former was, or rather *is*, a very *amiable* man, and the *author* of Sheridan's Dictionary; and that his eldest son inherits all his taste and *polite* elegance. CHAP. XIII. "*Penance.*" A little story of a lady who was very beautiful, married an old codger, who became jealous, fought a rival, killed him, and was killed himself: his wife, of course, was very penitent, until, in CHAP. XIV. ("*A mystery elucidated,*") Henry Prince of Wales finds her; whom she marries, and is discovered to be the Duchess of York's youngest daughter, and the very identical personage who was entrusted to the old Abbess, chap. xx. vol. 1. of whom not a word had been said since. CHAP. XV. "*A careless husband.*" Very common-place indeed. CHAP. XVI. "*Exalted virtue.*" Another interpolation. CHAP. XVII. "*Female degradation.*" A dull account of Mrs. Gregson's disgraceful affair with her coachman. What, in the name of common sense, has this to do with "*the Private History of the Court of England?*" CHAP. XVIII. "*Prophecies.*" Contemptible. CONCLUSION. This chapter, and this only, gave us real pleasure, for it brought us to "THE END."

We sincerely hope that we shall be instrumental in preventing the ill effects of such a gross imposition; an imposition which must materially tend, in conjunction with J. F. Hughes's execrable labours, to bring the respectable trade of a bookseller to disgrace and ruin. The practice may be profitable for the moment, but it must ultimately prove destructive even to its disgraceful abettors;

for those who have been repeatedly duped, will, in a little time, learn to avoid impostors, and the names of such *notorious* publishers affixed to any work will be sufficient to damn it in the public estimation. Mr. Crosby has given to the world many excellent and truly valuable works; let him continue to publish *such only*, and we shall feel great pleasure in recommending them to universal patronage.

The Georgics of Publius Virgilius Maro, translated into English Blank Verse. By James R. Deare, LL. B. 1808.

In a late number of the SATIRIST we had occasion to notice a gentleman, who, not satisfied with the versions of Pope, Cowper, and Cumberland, chose to give a specimen of a new English Homer. Mr. Deare, it seems, is equally dissatisfied with the translations of Dryden, Warton, and Sotheby, and has given us a new English Georgic in blank verse. That blank verse may possess the highest degree of excellence in original composition it is impossible to doubt; but notwithstanding the assertion even of the greatest master of it, Milton, in his short preface to the Paradise Lost, it does not seem fitted for translations from the Greek and Latin; neither is it congenial with the structure of the ancient hexameter. The boundary of each verse is not so strongly marked by rhyme as it is by the concluding adonic, and the pause in the hexameter: a pause almost as strictly confined to the same place as in French verse. The pause generally follows the first syllable of the third foot; the only variation is occasionally to the second syllable, if it happens to be a dactyl. The pause required by the verse and the sense are not to be confounded, yet the first is sometimes so strong as to overpower the last. We have now before us five editions of Virgil: one a fac-simile from an old manuscript in the li-

brary at Florence; the Delphin; a small edition, printed by Plantin, at Antwerp; another printed at Amsterdam; and that annexed to Mr. Sotheby's excellent translation of the Georgics: in all of which, except the Amsterdam edition, this line in the second Georgic,

"Non rastris hominum non ulli obnoxia curæ,"

in defiance of sense is printed with a comma after *hominum*.

Opening the book, one of the first lines that struck us was this:

"For me I'm bold to approve a shallow trench;"

a most elegant and literal translation of

"Ausim vel tenui vitem committere sulco."

This is as literal, and almost as poetical, as the interpretation in the margin of the Delphin edition.

We shall select as a specimen of the general execution the beginning of the animated passage in praise of Italy, in the second Georgic, inserting the translation of Mr. Sotheby after it.

"But neither Media, passing rich in groves,
Nor Ganges fair, nor Lydian Hæmus stream,
Turbid with gold, shall bear the meed of praise
From Italy; nor Bactria's self, nor Ind,
Nor all Panchaia's plains of frankincense."—Deare.

"Yet nor the Median groves, nor rivers roll'd,
Ganges and Hermus, o'er their plains of gold,
Nor Ind, nor Bactra, nor the blissful land
Where incense spreads o'er rich Panchaia's sand;
Nor all that fancy paints in fabled lays,
O, native Italy! transcend thy praise."—Sotheby.

Here, in Mr. Sotheby's translation, we have a poet translated by a poet; in the other almost a literal version.

One is the copy of an original picture by a good painter, the other resembles the wrong side of a piece of tapestry. The obsolete expression of *passing rich* for *ditissima*, we must object to; but justice obliges us to deprecate the insertion of the fifth line in Mr. Sotheby's translation, as it is entirely unwarranted by the original.

We must, however, give Mr. Deare credit for translating one passage rightly, which has been invariably translated wrongly, and it is one of the noblest parts of the Georgics.

"Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas," &c.

— — — — —

"Fortunatus et ille deos qui novit agrestes," &c.

Here in every translation we have seen, without exception, but that before us, *felix* and *fortunatus* are rendered by the same word, though they are so very obviously distinguished, as well by the words of the poet as the tendency of the context. The poet begins by celebrating the good fortune of those who are destined to a rural life; in pursuing his eulogy, he works up his imagination to the highest pitch of poetical enthusiasm; but modestly, too modestly, thinking that he is not able to rival Lucretius, he again returns to his subject with equal enthusiasm.

"O ubi campi
Spercheosque et virginibus bacchata Lacænis
Tayegeta."

His enthusiasm now abating, he coolly, but most poetically, sums up (if we may be allowed the expression), in words, of which this is clearly the sense. "Happy was the poet who explored the hidden recesses of nature; and he also is fortunate (*i. e.* happy in an inferior degree) who enjoys the undisturbed quiet of the country." The disjunctive power of "*and*" is confirmed here by the Delphin

interpreter, though he renders *fortunatus* here by *felix* like the rest: "*Sed* felix quoque est ille."

Mr. Deare translates,

"Ah! happy he to whom 'twas given to sound
Great Nature's depths—
And fortunate who knows the rural gods."—

Giving the exact sense of the original. In the beginning of the whole passage, however, he has rendered,

"O fortunatos nimium!"
"Ah! but too happy!"

Having said this, we must, however reluctantly, add, that we never met with more prosaic lines in any work that assumed the character of poetry.

Memoirs of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in three Volumes. Pages 299, 219, 239. J. F. Hughes, *Bookseller to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales!!!* 1808.

These petty "eight shilling" volumes are ushered into the world, anonymously, from the Wigmore-street elaboratory, and profess to be a VINDICATION of the first SUBJECT of the British empire. Alas!

"An open foe may prove a curse,
But a pretended friend is worse!"

The second page of this anonymous catchpenny publication insolently exhibits a "DEDICATION, to the Queen's most excellent Majesty," from "the *author*" [singular]; and in the fourth page occur "*we*," and "*our*" [plural], as if the barefaced compilation were the accumulated filth of more than one literary scavenger's toil.

The PREFACE is an admirable specimen of wire-drawing a dull assertion. It consists of *four* sentences, which

simply and stupidly repeat, *four* times, the same identical information, in *four* different ways, viz.

THEME.

"*The Prince has been defamed; I anonymously avenge him.*"

VARIÆ LECTIONES.

I. NORTH VIEW.

"The numerous defamatory publications that have, of late years, appeared against his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and still continue to issue from the press with unabated malignity against him, are the *moving* causes, [all *alive, alive,* O!] *which have given birth* [bless us! what a *delivery!*] to these volumes."

N. B. In plain English, gentle reader, this balderdash means: "*We have crowded plagiarism upon plagiarism, till we have surfeited ourselves; and we now offer our* "crambe repetita" *to an insulted public, hashed and cooked anew.*

II. EAST VIEW.

"It is to free his Royal Highness [the Prince of Wales, *sous entendu*] from some part of that unmerited *load* [good scavengers!] of *calumny* and *vulgar abuse* [ha! ha! ha! *Vultu morbum, incessuque fatentur,* Juv.], which, for years, some malignant persons have *heaped* upon him [good scavengers, do your office cleanlily], that the following Memoirs have been prepared—*for the public eye.*"

Charming pleonasm! prepared *for the public eye!* N.B. In plain English, this passage means: *We shall rub his Royal Highness dry; and shall endeavour to blind the public;* or, as Virgil says, *telo lumen terebrare.*

III. SOUTH VIEW.

"It has seldom fallen to the lot of any individual, however eminent his station, to have been the object of so many *calumnies* and

reproaches as the Prince of Wales: as Englishmen [bravo!], as lovers of the house of Brunswick [bravissimo!], and grateful for the mild sway with which they have reigned over these realms, *we disclaim this—feeling.*"

Hazy weather, good scavengers! In plain English, this metaphorical flourish means neither more nor less than —downright nonsense. What *feeling?* Why, "*it has seldom,*" &c.

IV. West View.

"The object of our work is to rescue the Prince of Wales from the unmerited *obloquy* that, for years, has been so sedulously *heaped* upon him; [what, again use your favourite trope so soon? This shows poverty of invention, good Sirs!] and, as it is our highest ambition, so it will be our best reward, to find that our *labours* [unhandsome varlets, thus to make a *toil* of a *pleasure!*] have not been altogether unsuccessful."

Now this is plain English with a vengeance, and means: *We shall condense, within the space of three little volumes, all the scandalous reports which have ever been circulated against an illustrious personage; and the utmost we expect from so nefarious a procedure, is to find at last, that (on the whole) we have been no losers by our anonymous and swindling speculation.* See, again, Memoirs, p. 13.

We might here very properly close our review of this truly detestable amalgama; a work, that, as our readers will observe, even the fictitious and abandoned Charles Sedley does not yet venture to avow: a work, that, under the transparent mask of Vindication, studiously asperses the character whose cause it hypocritically pretends to advocate: a work, whose publisher is noted for sordid views, and whose authors dare not shew their faces, so begrimed are they with the ordure of their calling, and so deeply branded by our reiterated chastisements, and the

proofs of public indignation. The ostrich hides its *head*, but is discovered by the grossness of its *body*. The author of this anonymous libel is, "nostro periculo;" *either a knavish attorney, or* (come forth, thou miscreant!) *that scorn of printers' devils*, the cold-blooded, black-hearted coward, E————n;————that low *sculking* assassin,

"Who battens, still, on perquisites of guilt."

that *âme damnée*, in short,

"Who stabs by stealth, and *starts* to find it fame."

But—NON EST MORA LIBERA NOBIS: POSCIMUR.

The MOTTO, audaciously stuck in front of each volume, is pilfered from a mysterious publication, of what certainly ought never to have been exposed. This MOTTO is taken from the *Prince's letter*, and expresses in elegant phraseology what the *preface to the memoirs*, four times, miserably mangles. It is a MOTTO that never can be heard without veneration, but from the lips of hardened profligacy:

"In these unhappy times, the world, Sir, examines the conduct of princes with a jealous, a scrutinizing, a malignant, eye. No man is more aware than I am of the existence of such a disposition, and no man is, therefore, more determined to place himself above all suspicion."

The strain we hear is of the highest mood: it is solemn, awful, eventful, prophetic! It speaks volumes, it rivets attention, it extorts sighs and applause? It is parodied, once more, in page 12. We resume our task.

In vol. I. page 8. we meet with the following profound observation, which, as it most satisfactorily and laconically accounts, on self-evident principles, for the existence of every party dispute, that either *did*, *does*, or *may*, prevent unanimity in the cabinet, in the senate, and in

the nation at large, we readily insert entire. It beats Euclid hollow.

PROPOSITION.

"It is not wonderful that one part of the nation should condemn as impolitic and ruinous those very measures that are applauded by another part, and *recommended to adoption*, as absolutely necessary to provide for the national safety.

COROLLARY.

"*Hence* have arisen all the factions and parties *of the present reign*, and the accusations with which they have alternately *loaded* [ecce iterum!] each other." Q. E. D.

Who can presume to hint a doubt of the LOYALTY of our anonymous panegyrists? In the short space of ten pages, or two hundred lines, are the following effusions:

I.

"No royal house in Europe can boast of a more illustrious *line* of ancestors than *that*, [illustrious line of ancestors] *which*, [illustrious line, aforesaid,] happily for the liberty and independence of their subjects, *is placed* on the throne of these realms." p. 1. 2. A line of *ancestors* placed on the throne!

II.

"In this enlightened age, when personal merit is justly considered as a more valuable recommendation than mere hereditary honours, [Nam, genus et proavos, &c.] the people of England would probably have little reason to be satisfied with their sovereign or his family———[take care, messieurs scavengers! your cart is very awkwardly justled against the royal carriages]—IF [ah! your *if* is your only peacemaker] if they had not claims on the loyalty and affection of their subjects." p. 45.

III.

"The brightest gem of their house, and that of which they may with most justice be proud and tenacious, is the love and attachment the British people have invariably shewn them." p. 3. *Mem.* This sentence is filched from Junius, who gave the sentiment in better language.

IV.

"The mildness of their sway, and the paternal exercise of their authority was such, that no princes, acting under the disadvantages they did, [what a qualifying knave it is!] ever conciliated in a more eminent degree the regard and veneration of all classes of their subjects." p. 6.

V.

"George I. and George II. both were princes of moral character, and excellent personal humanity of disposition. The only fault of which they have ever been accused, with the least shadow of justice, is the partiality which, on some occasions, they shewed for their continental dominions. BUT [sly knave!] this was a natural and venial *error*, and was amply atoned for by the many *other* [*errors*, of course, and] *princely virtues*, with which they were endowed, and———which have descended with their royal inheritance to their posterity;" as heir looms, no doubt: *errors* excepted, p. 6, 7.

VI.

"His Majesty, [George III.] personally, has not for a moment ceased to possess the warm attachment and loyal devotion of his people of every rank." p. 8.

VII.

"It will be readily admitted by men of ALL parties, [now for it! this conjuror will square the circle soon] that no prince was ever seated on the British throne, [with his line of *ancestors*, cheek by jowl, *beside* him,] of better intentions than his present majesty." p. 9.

VIII.

"His majesty has continued through his long reign to enjoy the sincere attachment of a free and enlightened people." p. 10.

So true is it, that *one cannot have too much of a good thing*. Thus sailors, on shipboard, have for variety *pease and pork*, one day, and the next day *pork and pease*. The dish is good, the cooking only is a little filthy. The three volumes overflow with similar nauseating repetitions; but what then? they are plausible clap-traps,

and fill the pages excellently for want of other matter. IN FACT, the volumes would be mere "*skeletons*," as Mr. W*ndh*m has it, without them.

We trust the readers of THE SATIRIST are unwilling to wade with us regularly, step by step, through the dirt and filth which these anonymous drudges have scraped together. THE SATIRIST, pursuing the natural bent of his taste,

——"Apis Matinæ
More modoque
Grata carpentis thyma *per laborem*
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
THAMESIS ripas, operosa parvus
Carmina fingit."

He bears a sting indeed, and he uses it, fearlessly, for the good of THE BRITISH HIVE. But, whilst the bee settles on *flowers*, the wasp, drone, and beetle, will pitch on *nuisances*; so do these anonymous scavengers.

We shall therefore, merely take a comprehensive survey of their foul process, and hope thereby to relieve every ingenuous reader from that strong sentiment of indignation, DISGUST, and horror, which a minute investigation of the "MEMOIRS" must infallibly excite. It remains for the truly illustrious personage, whose own bookseller thus panders to the depraved appetites of his customers, by holding up every real and *imputed* act of his Royal Highness to public animadversion; it remains, we say, for the HEIR-APPARENT to assign their due retribution to these most servile, most obsequious, most parasitical, mercenaries:

THE SATIRIST DISDAINS THEM.

These contemptible lampooners insinuate, pretty plainly, that the Prince of Wales was very badly educated. Of course, this insinuation gives the blockheads an opportu-

nity to descant, quite at random, and in utter ridicule of chronological order, on the different educations of Gustavus III. of Sweden; of Louis XIV. and XV. of Alexander, of Macedon; of the grand dukes of Russia; of Nero, of Rome; of James I.; of Queen Elizabeth; of Henry the Great, of France; and, lastly, of Charles II. and James II.; with all the trite *verbiage*, and the sad inanity of argument, that distinguish the worst anonymous orators, who may be heard for a shilling a head at *The British Forum*.* The observations in Volume I. page 33, *et seq.* may subject the authors, possibly, to no legal criticisms; but, undoubtedly, they afford no very decent evidence of their *consummate loyalty* to the house of Brunswick. Indeed we are told, in so many words, that both the king and queen "lean to those *notions* which have been held *dangerous* to the liberties of the subject." p. 34.

Vol. I. Chap. 2, gives us, at second hand, the affair of Mrs. Robinson, or *Perdita*, a married woman.

Chap. 3. More sneers at the Prince's education; together with remarks on his associates. *Mem.* The characters of Fox, Burke, and Sheridan, are avowed plagiarisms. The rant at the end, consisting of three sentences, each beginning with "Oh!" is irresistibly comic, for its *Bathos:* it begins, gentle reader, with Edmund Burke; it closes with——counsellor *Ego!!!!!* "What should be great they turn to farce."

Chap. 4 gives us, at second hand, again, the strange affair of Mrs Fitzherbert; and winds up with remarks on political pamphlets, &c. taken by our anonymous swindlers from an anonymous libel.

Chap. 5, contains 46 *good* and *true* pages of debates, abridged clumsily from old newspapers.

* See The Satirist, No. VI. pages 35, 6, 7, 8, 9, 40, 1, 2.

Chap. 6. and Chap. 7, contain 83 similar pages.

Chap. 8, tells *how* a cart overturned the Prince's coach, —*how* his wrist was sprained,—*how* his Royal Highness was undermost,—*how* he was uppermost,—*how* he slept at Newark: we believe *this* to be an *original* narrative; it is such incorrigible gabble.

Vol. II. Chap. 1, applauds prize-fighting: and, with inimitable absurdity of ratiocination, refers triumphantly for proofs of its *excellent tendency*, to those degenerate times of the Roman empire, which Juvenal so justly inveighs against, in SAT. II. 143, and SAT. VIII. 200. His royal highness the Prince of Wales, (we know) despises such brutal exhibitions: the death of Earle, at Brighton, will never be forgotten by him. Want of room obliges us to study brevity in *this* part of our strictures; we take the liberty, however, to state our belief, that the time is not distant, when prize-fighting will be deemed the fit pastime only of blackguards, vagabonds, and robbers. In pages 10 and 11, horse-racing is justified; and the King's fondness for the *chace* is adduced as a case in point!!! yet, in page 16, we are gravely told, that "there is *no sport whatever* which is liable to so great a variety of *unfair practices* as that of *horse-racing*." The chapter is filled with garbled extracts from vulgar works, by SAM. CHIFFNEY, &c. &c. &c. ———————

Reader! shall we waste any more INK, PAPER, OR TIME, in dissecting this infamous farrago? Yes! For, although

"The lion preys not upon carcases,"

it is meet, right, and proper, that the mystery of literary swindling be glaringly exposed, and the purses of unwary customers protected against the Wigmore gang.

Plagiarism, itself, that degrading resource of indigent and ignorant adventurers, never yet descended to such

TRASH as Mr. J. F. Hughes exhibits in this book. In page 32 the Prince is indecently represented as addressing his jockey in gibberish:

"Sam Chifney, you will specify in your affidavit all the bets you had upon both day's races; *when that you rode* Escape on the day before yesterday, and *was beat upon him;* and yesterday, *when that you rode* Escape, and *won upon him*, naming all the bets you had upon both these races, and [what? *naming*, or *you will specify*, which?] to take your affidavit *as such*." Well might his Royal Highness be stated, p. 33, to have added: "*I hope, Sam Chifney, you do not misunderstand me.*" To which, with a courtly bow and a vacant stare, the smiling groom replied, "Your Royal Highness's meaning is as clear as mud." His Royal Highness said, "I am told, Sam Chifney, that you were arrested at Ascot Heath for 300*l.* and that Vauxhall Clark paid the money for you." Sam replied, "that this was the first word he had heard upon the subject." His Royal Highness said, "Sam Chifney, I wish to know if you have any objection to make an affidavit that you were not arrested at Ascot Heath, and that Vauxhall Clerk did not pay 300*l.* for you?" Sam [sweetly] replied to his Royal Highness, "I am very willing to do it." *Euge!* J. F. Hughes!

O quantum tibi nominis paratur!
O quæ gloria! quam frequens amator!
Te convivia, te forum sonabit,
Ædes, compita, porticus, tabernæ.

MARTIAL VII. 97.

Bath Characters, or Sketches from Life. By Peter Paul Pallett. Second Edition, with many Additions; amongst which are a *poetical* Pump-room Conversation; a new Preface; and an Appendix, containing a Defence of the Work, and a Castigation of its Persecutors. London, 1808.

Never surely was any *pallet* instrumental in producing such miserable *portrait-painting*, as that which

has given, to the eye of contempt, these *Bath Characters.* Why the apostolic names of both *Peter* and *Paul* should be made *gentlemen* ushers to Mr. *Pallet*, we cannot see, except it is to be excused on the score of that rage for *alliteration*, which the paltry publications of such *pauper poets* and *pennyless pamphleteers* as the *present* never fail to exhibit. This obscure scribbler tells the world, that "unknown as he is to every one, he is the sole depositary of his own secret;" and with that consummate vanity which seldom fails to attend consummate ignorance, he quotes, as equally applicable to himself, the language of JUNIUS. "If I am a vain man, my gratification lies within a narrow circle; I am the sole depositary of my own secret, and it shall perish with me." This solemn affirmation in the mouth of Peter Paul Pallet, is just as if that cleanly animal, the cat, which, when it *retires* to ease nature, cautiously scrapes and covers over its *domestic exports*, should—as cats could do in the fabled days of old—exclaim with solemn gravity, "I am the *sole depositary* of my own *secret*." We really think that, in this instance, Mrs. Puss would be a correct representation of Mr. Pallet.

This sign-post painter of Characters endeavours, in some instances, to give a hint of the real name of the person intended, by substituting something to which it may be supposed to have an allusion; as for instance, by Mrs. *Vehicle* we presume that Mrs. C—rr is intended; and by the Rev. Mr. Chip, Mr. W—d. In some cases the feigned appellation is brought near to the true name in sound, as Signora Rattana, for Miss W—gh—m; Counsellor Morose, for Counsellor M—r—ce. In other instances the feigned name has as little resemblance to the true one as the character itself has to the original, as in Ramrod and Rattle, which (as we well know both the Bath residents and Bath visitants) we conjecture to be de-

signed for K—g and M—th—s. We cast our eye over the whole of this catchpenny, which, short as it is, did not repay us for our waste of time; and it is only to prevent other persons, whose time may be precious, from being *taken in* as we were, that we have condescended to notice it.

This scurrilous scribbler seems to have adopted a mode, which, we believe, is not so unusual as, at first sight, it might seem, of bringing his work into notice: Letters from different *persons unknown* are sent to the printer of the *Bath Herald*, complaining of "a late *mischievous publication*, which may have disturbed private peace, and has *undoubtedly excited much public curiosity.*"

"Fœnum habet in cornu longe fuge."

Dicaiophilos (or Peter Paul Pallet in *double disguise*) then endeavours to excite attention through the medium of the said public paper, by informing the *Bath* public of "an abuse (originating, no doubt, with one of the lowest of the public) which ought not to pass unnoticed, the name of a most respectable gentleman, together with his place of residence, was inscribed on the walls of some of the most frequented parts of this town, Peter Paul Pallet, 29, Circus."

The said letter then concludes thus:

"Now all who have the pleasure of knowing the gentleman alluded to, are convinced that he possesses too much dignity of mind to employ his eminent talents in so servile and illiberal a work; but they know also, that a consciousness of his integrity will lead him to despise in silence, rather than condescend personally to remove, any suspicions of the nature above mentioned; which may be floating in *the higher circles of society. Hence, with a view to arrive at the knowledge of the real writer of the Bath Characters,* I beg leave to suggest, that the intimate friends of

this gentleman would do well, on his authority, to contradict, in the most express manner, the base insinuation which has been circulated with no small degree of activity. In consequence of this, *investigation* will be directed *with increased zeal* into *other channels*, success *may* attend its efforts, and a proper odium light on the head of the person who justly merits it. I am, Sir, your's, &c. "DICAIOPHILOS."

Now, gentle reader, what think you of this new mode of courting renown, by abusing yourself into notoriety. But

"O ye pens, and O ye pencils,
And all ye scribbling utensils,"

what various ways ye have of pandering to the publicity of those who depend upon your kind aid for all they get:

"For stew'd, for bak'd, for boil'd, for roast,
And all the tea, and all the toast."

Sheridan, in his admirable farce of the Critic, has enumerated and exposed the various means and modes of puffing, and has assigned to each its discriminative appellation: the puff direct, the puff collateral, and so on; but he has omitted the *puff abusive*: as this seems to be a *new species*, we shall exemplify it with another instance, in order that hereafter it may be the more readily detected. We shall present the reader with the following extract from the Bath Herald, which makes a part of the appendix to the volume itself, as calling upon Peter Paul Pallet for a defence, which defence serves the purpose of eking out the said volume.

"The Printer has just received a long letter with the London post-mark, signed P. P. P., evidently the production of a writer who *has lately acquired considerable notoriety* in this city. In the hurry attending the day of publication, especially when the arrival of the mail is retarded by the weather, the author will be satisfied with this remark, that his letter requires most mature considera-

tion. To satisfy, however, the *public* on the import of this epistle, the Printer states, it chiefly relates to what P. P. P. calls the *unjustifiable means exerted in discovering the author of the Bath Characters.* 'The secret,' he says, 'of the author is locked *in his own* breast, and *will probably die with him.* It is known not even to his publisher; and this letter will no more lead you or any person to a *discovery* than if it dropped from the moon.' Friday morn."

Now such characters in Bath as are here noticed must be weak indeed, if they cannot perfectly despise, and set at nought, such nonsense and trumpery as this volume contains. Deserved censure and justified rebuke we shall always commend, wherever we find it applied. But the abusive and spiritless effusions of stupid self-conceit shall always meet, at our hands, the castigation they deserve.

This work, about which the writer seems to think so much, while every one else seems to think so little, is conducted in the way of conversation. The interlocutors to the first dialogue are Mr. Rattle and Mr. Ramrod: it commences in the following introductory strain, to which we must certainly allow the praise of extreme spirit and vivacity.

"*Rattle.* Toll loll de roll, loll de roll, loll de roll loll."

This is an uncommon lively opening, and displays a joyous flow of soul: it reminds us of a jocular dialogue, somewhat similar, in one of the old comedies.

"*Enter two Lords in Waiting.*

"*1st Lord.* Ha, ha ha.
"*2d Lord.* He, he, he.
"*Both.* Ha, ha, ha, he, he, he."

This is true *nature*, and it has great *simplicity*, which is the real charm of fine writing. To be sure the merit is not quite so visible as the merriment; but the reader, if he has

much ready wit, will *presume* the joke, and by this means will entitle himself to join in the laugh.

But we find that, to some persons, drollery is dangerous: witness the following account given to us of Signora Rattana, which may be received as a specimen of the work.

"A *laugh* would inevitably crack the enamel of her face into fifty 'chasms, dire, discontinuous;' and the gentle dew of tears would dissolve (not the hearts of the beholders, but) the various dyes which bespread her countenance; mingle them into the most horrible confusion of tints, and produce a complexion unmatched by any of the varieties of hues which are to be found in either hemisphere. She was, however, once known to shed the precious drops of sorrow, maugre the ruin of her *facial* crust. A fit of the cholic had attacked her lap-dog. 'Send for Dr. Faddle instantly,' cried the distracted fair one. 'Oh! my dear Doctor, I am ruined for ever: behold the sick Fidel!' Faddle (aside.) 'Curse this little *son of a bitch!* this is the second time I have been called out of my bed to prescribe for him. Never distress yourself, my dear Madam; a purge and a blister, a bleeding and a clyster, a solution of silex, and a blast of phlogiston, will again set all to rights.' 'Ah, no, Doctor; 'tis too late, I fear. Even your skill is ineffectual. Behold the suffering angel! See, he struggles, kicks, and, oh! oh! oh!"

We have not found any thing in *this* book that is *better* than this, nor in any *other* book that is *worse!* But we were bound in justice to present a specimen, and we have done so; and heartily glad are we that the task of transcribing it is over.

The Resurrection, a Poem. By John Stewart, Esq. Author of the Pleasures of Love, 12mo. pp. 135 of verse, and 168 of notes. Price 7*s*. Longman and Co. 1808.

The production now before us is most admirably calculated for the class of readers who judge of an author's piety by the abundance of his nonsense, and of his abili-

ties by the profusion of his vanity. It illustrates more perfectly than any work which we have seen, the deplorable effects of fanaticism on a mind unaccustomed to a regular exercise of its powers, and unacquainted with any other learning than the gleanings of Reviews, and the refuse of newspapers. Mr. Stewart is a perfect Quixote in the cause of christianity, and meets with as many imaginary monsters, and lays about him with as impotent a fury as his more innocent and learned prototype. It is fortunate, indeed, that his adversaries are not of a very formidable description, for we are doubtful whether the Edinburgh reviewers, even Mr. Burdon himself, will be alarmed by the energy of his notes, or persuaded by the music of his poetry.

Of the dedication, to Jesus Christ, we shall say but little. It deserves the most indignant reprobation, and were it in our power to punish such an instance of profaneness as it deserved, we should inflict something much more severe than literary justice. It is equally contemptible for its affectation, and disgusting for its impiety; and while it excites an association of ideas at once unfavourable to religion and disgraceful to its author, it displays but little of that patient and unostentatious piety which we are taught to consider as the peculiar characteristic of a christian.

If a mechanical arrangement of his syllables, and general correctness of rhyme, could confer any claim to the title of a poet, Mr. Stewart might bear away the laurel from any of his literary contemporaries. By those, who require no other criterion of a poem than the regular succession of its feet, and the correctness of its metre, the Resurrection will be considered as a model of poetical excellence. Every verse is laboured with the most scrupulous exactness of modulation, and every couplet displays the most perfect acquaintance with the Rhymer's Dictionary.

But of all the other qualifications of a poet, Mr. Stewart seems to be entirely ignorant. He displays neither elegance of expression nor force of argument. With all his labour his verses are frequently harsh and hobbling, and his pauses awkward and unmusical. His epithets are such as might be expected in the writings of a man who mistakes propriety for felicity, and whose attempts at versification are unassisted by any force of genius or command of language. His imagination is too cold for the display of inartificial elegance, and his taste too lifeless to improve, or to apply the produce of labour or accident.

Such are the merits of his poetry. His prose is still more insipid and contemptible. To all the other characteristics of bad writing, it unites the additional requisites of feeble pomposity and ostentatious ignorance. The style is a very pefect example of inflated vulgarity, and the information such as may be collected from the Young Gentleman's Magazine, the Misses' Mentor, the Eclectic Review, the Beau Monde, and other productions equally entertaining and instructive. It cannot be expected that a writer who derives his knowledge from such sources can display much solidity of judgment or accuracy of information. The most superficial topics are treated with an ignorance which would only be excusable in the worn-out stipendiary of a Bow-street manager, and the most common occurrences are related with all the parade and dignity of a Ciceronian oration.

We had hoped, however, that Mr. Stewart would have compensated for his defects as a poet and an essayist, by the excellence of his character as a christian. To a man of *his* piety there are more desirable rewards than the praises of reviewers, and more interesting objects than the gratification of the critic, or the admiration of ignorant enthusiasm. It might have occurred to him that it would be indecorous, at least, while he preached so zealously

about "charity, meekness, and humility," to display the most frequent and disgusting examples of pride, malice, and presumption. It is surely something more than impudence in a writer, first to falsify the account of Voltaire's death, and then to condemn him, on the faith of that account to the "terrors of everlasting punishment." If Mr. Stewart had read his Bible instead of his magazines, he might have remembered that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," that "the ways of the Almighty are unsearchable," and that "he who condemneth his brother shall be condemned himself;" he might have discovered that there are more dangerous enemies to the cause of christianity than French sçavans or German illuminati, and that a man may feel as *much* disgust at the ignorant bigotry of a would-be Letterato, as at the most impertinent licentiousness of an infidel philosopher. If the story which Mr. Stewart has related be his own invention, he is a disgrace to the ranks of literature; if he received it without examination from others, he is guilty of unpardonable negligence. If the account be true, he can be accused only of profaneness; if it be false he must relinquish his pretensions both to religion and veracity. His eulogy on Howard is equally unfortunate. We have already expressed our opinion of Mr. Stewart's accuracy, and have many reasons for believing that Howard was neither so gentle, so benevolent, nor so disinterested, as he is here represented to be. On this subject, however, we shall express ourselves more fully in a future number. At present our limits will only permit us to support our criticisms by extracts.

FROM THE POETRY.

"When their light rounds, the rosy Hours pursue
Unlock the morn." page 37.

"With homage zeal." (40.)—"Herald of Hope!" (37.)—"Angel of vision!" (40.)—"O hallowed mount!" (51.)—"O sacred Calvary!" (51.)—"What groan is thine?" (51.)—"Lo!" (page 51, line 1)—"Lo!" (51. l. 3.)—"Lo!" (51, l. 5) &c. &c. &c. "And woke the *purple orient* into day." (58.)—"The mountain's *saffron height*" (58.)—"Crowd to a *mirror-bower*." (97.)

"Depart, he speaks, to everlasting fire,
Where the worm dies not, nor the pangs expire." &c. &c.

FROM THE NOTES.

Note 16. "The Gallic druids bade their victims bleed."

"Human victims were used as propitiatory sacrifices to the gods, by the druids or priests of Ancient Gaul. What ideas could they have formed of the benevolence of deities, to gratify whom such immolations were necessary?"

What profundity of knowledge and ingenuity of remark. Notes 15 and 21 are equally learned and elegant, but we have not room for any more quotations.

Should Mr. Stewart again appear before the public in the character of an author, we hope that he will give the best proof of his good sense, by selecting a more appropriate subject for the exertion of his powers, than that which he has chosen on the present occasion. His industry may enable him to work a tolerable sermon, though he may be disqualified by nature to acquire respectability as a poet. He is not yet too old to rectify his literary errors, or to excel in more honourable, though less fascinating employment. We exhort him, therefore, to remain in silence till he has studied his Bible and his grammer, and to rest satisfied for the present with the slight correction we have given him. "Quid sit futurum cras fuge quærere."

Radical Causes of the Distresses of the West Indian Planters. By Mr. Spence, F. L. S. Cadell and Davies.

In this age of politics, when all men are *political economists*, we are not surprised that some folks should step forward to catch public attention by the novelty of their doctrines; and we may naturally expect that they will endeavour, by boldness of assertion, and ingenuity of argument, to make up any deficiencies in their knowledge of the subject, or to shroud from the general mass of readers, any want of coherence in their system. When we opened Mr. Spence's book, and found that he professed "to place the subject in a point of view different from any in which *he has* hitherto seen it considered; and thus to contribute materials towards a more accurate judgment respecting it," we felt on our own guard, and asked ourselves, how or by what means Mr. S. had acquired sufficient knowledge of the matter to be able to *decide* upon it, or how indeed it was possible that *he* could place it in a point of view unknown to any one else. Judge then of our surprise, when we found this new point of view, to be nothing more than that the planter grows more sugar *than he can find a market for*. Now here we certainly agree with Mr. S. that this is the *proximate* cause of the surplus in the market; but we are by no means disposed to concede to him the *remote* causes on which he lays so much stress. To follow Mr. S. through his reasoning would exceed our limits; but its general purport is, that the temporary scarcity in the early part of the French Revolution, had *opened* a market for our sugar on the Continent, which tempted the planters to extend their cultivation, and prompted a number of speculators to clear away new estates, both in our own settlements, and in those captured from the enemy. This

scarcity, in the enemies' colonies, he now asserts, is done away; and he boldly states, that the *whole consumption* of the Continent, is supplied from their own colonies by neutrals, at a cheaper rate than the English merchant could supply it, and *therefore*, that the West Indian planter can expect no relief except by reducing his cultivation, in doing which some must be ruined, &c. &c. &c. Notwithstanding Mr. Spence's very general view of the subject, there is *one thing* here which he does not expressly notice, but which, we presume, may be drawn, as an inference, from all his positions, and that is, that the demand of the Continent, is not only supplied by the French and Spanish colonies, but also that *the consumption* is as great as it ever has been, and as great as it is likely to be under any probable change of circumstances.

Now all these positions sound very well in support of a new system, and they certainly have been brought forward with a degree of openness and candour, which shew that Mr. S. really is a convert to that system; yet we think it rather strange, that he should consider us as being merely undersold in the foreign market, and take no notice whatever of the active exertions of the enemy to prevent the introduction, not only of our manufactures, but of our *colonial porduce* into the ports of the Continent; for surely if nobody will buy it, all the military custom-house regulations of Napoleon, have been mere works of superfluous precaution to prevent an importation which in the nature of things could not be attempted. That large quantities of French and Spanish sugars have been carried there by Americans, previous to the Orders in Council, is a fact well known, though *some* late writers seem very much disposed to deny it; but if the quantity imported by them is equal to the demand, how comes it that the chemists of France are endeavouring to make sugar at home, for the avowed purpose of supplying the deficiency in the

market?. We would also just hint, though we certainly have no documents to prove it, that it is impossible, in the present impoverished state of the Continent, that the demand for sugar should be so great as it has been, even if the ports were open, and even if it was, it is not to be expected that they could pay the same high price for it. Mr. S. makes a great display of the accuracy of the *data*, on which he founds his reasoning, but there is, nevertheless, one grand point on which much of his argument turns, which, unfortunately for his hypothesis, *stands by itself;* and that is, that the cultivation of the enemies' colonies is equal to the greatest possible demand. In support of this, he tells us that the Island of Cuba last year exported a quantity equal to 150,000 hogsheads of sugar, which arose entirely from an *increased* cultivation; and in page 13, he says, "Buonaparte boasted about two years ago, that the slave population of Martinique and Guadaloupe had doubled since 1789, and we may therefore fairly *assume*, that the produce also of these two islands, has doubled."—Now with respect to the accuracy of the statement on which this *assumption* is made, we would recommend Mr. Spence to ask any man, locally acquainted with the West Indies, and he will then learn, that no such measure had taken place in Martinique, at the period of its restoration to France, in 1802, and he will also learn, that the situation of Guadaloupe was much more inimical to the increase of population or cultivation than that of Martinique; which *had* been in some measure fostered by British capital and British industry, during the time it was in our hands. So much for the accuracy of the data, on which such bold assumptions are made.

With respect to the remainder of this work, which we cannot help admiring for the perspicuity of the *manner* in which it is written, though we differ widely from Mr. S.

with respect to the *matter* contained in it, it is little more than a repetition of the arguments, or rather assertions, in "Britain Independent of Commerce;" and here, though we proudly feel that the ruin of our Commerce would not cause the *total* ruin of the country, yet we never can be convinced, that we should do very well without it, merely by a kind of analogical reasoning, in which the gains or losses of an *individual*, in his family expences, are taken as the criterion by which to ascertain the general wealth of a *nation!!*——Mr. Spence here introduces the old story about *transient* wealth, and *fixed* or permanent wealth; *sugar*, he asserts, is no article of *food*, and therefore is *transient*, but that the produce of wheat, and beef, is fixed and permanent wealth.

"Thus the wheat and beef which the farmer annually produces, by serving for the food of labourers and artizans, may be converted into a palace, a canal, a bridge, or a fleet of ships;" and again, in page 95. "Thus the nation is not at all enriched by the oats which are yearly raised for the food of horses, merely kept for pleasure, nor by the barley, which is distilled into alcohol. The growers of these productions are *enriched* by their sale, but it is at the *expence* of the consumers of them; whereas at the same time, that the grower of the barley or the wheat, which is consumed by those who are employed in building a palace, or in making a canal, is enriched by the sale of this food, the consumers of it, or he who advanced it to the consumers, has received in return for it a palace, or a canal, which may continue a portion of national wealth for ages."

So then, we are to take it for granted, that our external commerce is useless, and one half of our agriculture is little better: after all this parade of system, however we would ask Mr. Spence, of what advantage is a palace to our national wealth, except that in its erection, it employs our national industry? or further, what could give any particular value to a canal, or to a fleet of ships, if

we had no commerce to employ the one, or to be protected by the other? We will now close this article, by observing in reply to all these vague assertions, that there was a time when England was without commerce, and actually possessed nothing but those *sole sources* of wealth, wheat and cattle; when her *palaces* were the castles of the petty tyrants, at whose frowns their vassals trembled, when her *ships* were few, and for the purposes of predatory war alone, and when *canals* were unknown. Is such, then, the situation to which he would *restore* us? Is such the situation to which we are to return to support the theory of visionary speculators?—No! forbid it Heaven! but we fear it not; such writings may amuse for the day, but 'tis impossible they can ever cramp the exertions of British enterprize, or undermine the foundations of British reason, and common sense.

The Lady's Economical Assistant, or the Art of Cutting out, &c. explained by the clearest Directions, and numerous Engravings. 4to. p. 33. Price 12s. Murray.

So many specimens of the modern art of book-making have lately fallen under our consideration, that upon the first view of the title-page of the work before us, our eye glancing accidentally upon the words, "The Art of Cutting out," we imagined it to be a treatise on the art of cutting out sentences and paragraphs; with an account of the most approved method of shuffling and stringing them together; what sized scissars were most convenient to use, with the best way of making the paste, &c. &c.: and we opened the volume eagerly, impatient to dive into the dark "secrets of the prison-house"; when, instead of the *theory* of the art, the book proved to be only a *practical illustration* of it. This *twelve-shilling* quarto, then,

of thirty-three pages, "illustrated with six-and-thirty large engravings and numerous wood-cuts," developes the abstruse and cabalistic science of cutting out *night-caps* and *night-shifts*, *pincloths* and *petticoats!* Since they are put to these *shifts* to excite the curiosity of the purchaser, it should seem that the number of hands employed in the manufacture of books has at length nearly exhausted the raw material from which they work; and this is the more likely, as it has not lately been much cultivated as an article of home produce; and the continental markets, even if they were not shut against us, are not much better supplied with it.

Such a work we shall not be expected to criticise; we notice it only as another instance of the art of gulling the public. But there is something singularly laughable in the advertisement prefixed to the book: the author is fearful that the bays, which should decorate her brow, may be placed on the head of another; and therefore, as PROLOGUE, thus say the publishers:

"It is *apprehended* that the economical suggestions in the present work may occasion many readers to conceive, that, as it comes from *the same publishers*, it proceeds likewise from the same pen which gave those *useful* and *justly-celebrated* maxims in domestic economy which accompany the 'NEW SYSTEM OF DOMESTIC COOKERY.'* In justice, however, to the highly respectable authoresses of both productions, it is thought proper to state, that they are the works of different Ladies; but, we trust, *equally* entitled to public notice and patronage."

That is, *this here* book was not written by *that there* lady, but by *this here* lady.

* It would be very illiberal, no doubt, to suppose this to be an indirect advertisement or puff direct of the "*justly celebrated* New System of Domestic Cookery."

In the INTRODUCTION, desirous to impress the reader with a just idea of the importance of her work, and as a favourable specimen, we conclude, of its contents, she observes:

"All persons, I am sure, have experienced the inconvenience of *buttons* ill fastened on to shirts and dresses; it is not easy to persuade servants to take a little more trouble than they think absolutely necessary; but where they can be prevailed on to observe the following directions, and execute them with care, this little annoyance may be, in a great measure, removed." P. ix.

As to the nature or variety of the information contained in this work, we may observe, that of the twenty or thirty articles of which it is made up, eight are directions for making eight different sorts of *night-caps*. The writer, perhaps, was aware of the narcotic effect of her nostrums, and thinking that her readers might catch cold by sleeping without night-caps, very conscientiously resolved to give them a good choice of them.

Of the execution of this notable design, and how cleverly it is *cut out* for the capacity of those who can be supposed to want information on such subjects, the specimen we subjoin may suffice: we take it perfectly at random. Under the head, "*Pantaloons for a child*," &c. p. 11, we find described a parallelogram; in the area of which are described two sides of a triangle, and the segment of a cone; the points and lines of the various parts of the diagram being properly distinguished. Then comes the following solution:

"Cut the nankeen only through the upper side along the line AA, which is thirteen inches; the piece sloped off being two and a half inches from B to G; then cut the slope from B to C, through both sides of the nankeen; take off only one inch at the wide part C, and *slope it to nothing* at B, then pin on the paper pattern (*plate* XII. *figure* 2, *one of the large engravings*), putting

the straight side of the pattern to DD, and cut out the hollowing between the legs EE; when two of these legs are so cut out, join the straight line FG with the correspondent straight line in the other leg; and, in like manner, join the slope lines AA together: then cut a slit from C to H, about three and a half inches long, and set the pantaloons into two bands, one for the front, the other behind." P. 12.

A person who has gone through four or five books of Euclid may, perhaps, comprehend this: but we conceive that any boy would contrive very easily to *cut out* an orange, and eat it up too, without understanding the nature and properties of a spheroid. We are convinced, indeed, that more waste would be occasioned by blunders in the application of the rules in this book, supposing them to be correct, than would be saved by attending to them if understood: to those, indeed, who know how to cut out for themselves, they would be of no use; to those who do not, they would be unintelligible.

Fancy's Child, a Poem. H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row. *The Contrast, a Poem.* Griffith Wright, Leeds.

We have been particularly requested to notice these, these two little works, whose authors are wholly unknown to us. Of the first we can conscientiously say, that it has many poetical beauties and no moral defects. The second discloses some interesting particulars relative to what the author, we think, justly denominates the late *disgraceful* termination of the Yorkshire Election. The author would have done better if he had told his tale in prose.

Several other pamphlets have also been sent us, the respective authors of which assert, that they will feel *much obliged* if we will condescend to *criticise* them; they are, however, of such a nature, that we are decidedly

of opinion, they ought to feel much more *obliged* to us for our forbearance.—We wish these gentlemen to know that *we* always write as *we think*.

THEATRES.

"*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*"—HORACE.

OPERA HOUSE.

Of this theatre we have only to observe, that every thing grows worse and worse.

"Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind."

DRURY LANE.

The theatre, during the last month, has been more prolific in novelties than it was in the preceding one; but, alas! melancholy is the retrospection; for though they have in quantity increased, their quality is much the same.

There are certainly very many reasons for the decline of the stage, and the degeneration of the drama, so very evident at the present period of theatric history: one is, the want of genius in the men who do write; and another is, the indolence of those who can write, and *will not*. The muse of a Colman or a Morton might revive the drooping spirits of the exhausted audience: but no; conscious of their own superiority, they cast a contemptuous look on their competitors, and prefer wearing the laurels they have won, in days and deeds of glory, to risking their reputations among such paltry scribblers as now disgrace the stage.

However, though these reasons may conspire to the destruction of theatrical amusements, there is a third, which appears more fatally to affect their existence; which is, the bigotted partiality of Managers to some men and their works.

An author, in a theatre, is like a Minister in the House of Commons: while he is IN, his measures are approved, and his performances brought forward; but when OUT, it is vain for him to hope to gain even a hearing. His plots are rejected, his *acts* condemned without a trial.

There can be no instance adduced more forcibly illustrative of this assertion than that of Mr. Kenny and his play of *the World*; for though there are hundreds of authors actually starving for want of common encouragement, Mr. Kenny's comedy is crammed down the throats of the town, because he is a favourite of the Manager's, while the works of men of genius and classical knowledge lie unopened and unregarded on the Manager's table, merely because they are not *honoured* by his private acquaintance.

Mr. Kenny, as a translator of farces, ranks in a respectable line. His *Matrimony* and *Ella Rosenberg* lose nothing of their original spirit by his alterations; and his *Raising the Wind* is comical enough in the hands of the inimitable Lewis: but surely the specimen he gave of his genius for writing whole pieces, when he produced his *False Alarms*, was not such as warranted the opinion the Managers of Drury-lane entertain of him; nor even if it did, are we assured of the justice of abruptly laying aside Mr. Lee's *accepted* comedy; because, upon reading Mr. Kenny's, it was thought to be a better one. The only excuse for doing a little wrong in a theatre is doing a great right; and the only thing which could have palliated the conduct of the Managers to Mr. Lee, was producing a play superior to the one they so suddenly refused to bring out. We are unable, certainly, to judge of what we have never seen; but if Mr. Lee's play was worse than *the World*, it must have been bad indeed.

Mr. Kenny's comedy is very much like an ineffectual dose of opium; it stupefies without comforting: a melancholy fun and comical sorrow run through the whole; and there is a kind of torpid inoffensiveness about every thing the characters say and do that is *tiresome* to the last degree: with the exception of the third act, which is passable, there does not occur through the piece one sentiment that has power to draw forth a tear, nor one flash of merriment forcible enough to excite a laugh.

The *attempt* to mark character without the means confounds an author completely; and for the soul of us we could not discover the strength of delineation which even Mr. Kenny had formerly displayed in his well-drawn caricature of *Jeremy Diddler*: the touch of the master was wanting, for the portraits in *the World* are not even bold outlines; there are no marks of genius in the sketches; but they seem like little scratchings with chalk upon greasy canvas, made by a painter's apprentice just articled; they are harsh, paltry, weak, and unfinished.

In Matthews's part we could see no joke: his hat was comical, but the author made not *that*. *Index* is no child of nature; he is nothing but an overgrown baby of Mr. Kenny's. Mr. Palmer's "*Wha, whu, that's the business,*" is the only thing that raised a laugh: here the poet succeeded; for the *gods*, poor deluded *devils!* have been so long taught to believe that a beau is a thing with half a dozen waistcoats, a short jacket, and high pantaloons, that they actually begin to think it is really so; and when they see Mr. Palmer strutting and wriggling about the stage, they are highly delighted with the satire upon *haut ton*. With respect to the character of a coxcomb, the more it is ridiculed the better; but with respect to Mr. Palmer, the irony loses its force, for we never saw any gentleman so unlike a coxcomb, nor any coxcomb so perfectly unlike a gentleman.

Decamp, a young man of talent, is also thrown into a very awkward predicament in this play. There was nothing in his part which had the remotest chance of going off well; and, therefore, he resolved that his dress should, by a *coup de main*, stamp the character he was about to enact, and accordingly made his *entrée* in a suit of clothes not in the slightest degree like *any thing now in fashion*, by way of delineating a *fashionable* man. A mountebank at a fair such a dress might suit; but an aper of elegance would never walk abroad in a sky blue suit with a pair of embroidered pantaloons: the fault, however, is not his; the delicate authors of the present day have so refined upon refinement, that they leave the characters they *invent* bare bad outlines, and rely upon the actors to fill them up.—Miserable resources! So weak were the attempts at wit in the parts of the two gentlemen we have last mentioned, that it would never have been discovered that they were meant to be ridiculous, if they had not dressed themselves in fools' coats; and having made themselves so very absurd, the characters themselves ceased to be natural.

Bannister's part is the poorest attempt at something new we ever saw; and nothing but the brilliant vivacity of Elliston, who always in comedy keeps the stage alive when he is on it, could have rolled this heavy *World* into public notice; for Mrs. Jordan is crammed into a character completely unsuited to her, and in which she has so little to do, that when she came on at the conclusion with the rest of the *dramatis personæ*, we could not help involuntarily exclaiming, "What! does Mrs. Jordan play in this comedy?" And where such an actress claims not particular attention, the part she performs must be a wretched one indeed.

What may be the policy of making Mr. Russell play such a contemptible character as he performs in this play we know not: certainly Mr. Russell has made so good a figure in several parts, that we should, were we managers, think him entitled to something of more consequence than the mere repetition of half a dozen pointless lines; and we are also of opinion, that if Miss Tidswell had enacted Mrs. Powell's character the play would have lost nothing, because it is a character which has scarcely any thing to do.

The system of attempting *fun* in *comic writing* Mr. Kenny has judiciously avoided: had he contrived by any accident to have kept his audience awake to the end of the play, such as it is, it must have fallen; but he, prudent author, lulled them gently to sleep before the curtain fell; and as dead men tell no tales, so sleeping men never disapprove; and the Ladies and Gentlemen who would (had they been in their proper senses) have put an end to *the World*, were much more pleasantly employed taking snug naps, from which they were only roused by the laugh of the galleries (who keep awake at any thing) at the Epilogue, which was written by Mr. M. G. Lewis, and delivered by Elliston with admirable effect. This Epilogue was like a splendid desert after a shabby dinner; and with our mouths full of the sweets, we left the table woefully hungry for want of *substantials*.

It is hardly necessary to say that the daily playbills inform us, that this play "was received with unbounded applause by a brilliant and overflowing audience, whose reiterated shouts of applause resounded from all parts of the theatre, and that it will be repeated every evening till further notice." This is always said of all pieces at Drury-lane.—Damn, or not damn, Master Johnny Bull, you must see them. Their tragedy of *Falkener* was damned, so was their pantomime hooted off the stage, so was *Kais*, so was *In and out of Tune*, but the bills of next morning announced the shouts of OFF, OFF, OFF, as reiterated peals of applause; and this gross, insolent misrepresentation even appeared after the first performance of the *classical* ballet of *Caractacus*, which was as fairly, as properly, as completely, and as deservedly, damned, as any farrago of trash and absurdity ever was.

We complained of the indolence of genius, we had then forgotten *Caractacus*. The stage was drooping, Apollo on the top of the theatre hung his head, when a being, a poet, a SHERIDAN!!! looked from Parnassus into Drury-lane: he saw "a beggarly account of empty boxes;' Mæcenas like, he patronized his Brandon; *Kais* came out, and Tom approved. But still the benches all were empty: quoth

Sheridan the younger—"I will fill them. I'll make a pantomime. I'll take a play, leave out the dialogue, give the scenes to D'Egville, he shall group the actors, Greenwood shall brush up some old canvas: I'll have an organ and a Welch tune, a harp and an Irish one; I'll have music; I'll have an altar, a fountain, a child, a rock, a boat, a man, some chains, a battle, two or three processions, and a chorus."—No sooner said than done. The son of Richard set about it, with a good intention, to fill the benches; and on good grounds too, for let their qualifications be what they may, the family of the Sheridans have done as much towards *filling the Bench* as most people. The son, relying on his genius, risqued the pantomime; and upon Friday, the twenty-second day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eight, out came *Caractacus;* "the part of *Caractacus* by the Manager of the Opera-house, M. D'Egville, being his first appearance for twelve years." *And* the director of taste, the arbiter of fashion, the head of the King's theatre in the Haymarket, came forward to assist the cause; though, to do him justice, he always thought what *Caractacus* would come to. Now to describe the piece. This erudite performance commences with a chorus of Druids, which (a little in the style of the Irish echo, which replied, "*Pretty well, I thank you,*" to the question of "*How d'ye do?*") is represented by another party behind the scenes, who thus, *perdue*, act the parts of reverberations, and who shortly after emerge from their obscurity, and make a procession to the front of the stage: but the procession over the hills is one of the most economical ones we have ever witnessed; for instead of expending time, money, and trouble in making pasteboard figures to represent distant beings, Mr. T. Sheridan has hit upon a glorious expedient; an expedient which, to use his father's expression, reminds us of an *old story.* An artist once was desired to paint every thing in the world; whereupon he drew a large mountain, and declared that he had fulfilled his task; for, said he, every thing in the world is behind that mountain! So in this procession—no soldiers, no druids, no dancers, appear in the distance; no; half a dozen lighted torches are carried over the stage, whose tops just surmount the scene; so that by seeing lights, and knowing that torches will *not* move without being carried, the audience *imagine* a procession as splendid as the most famous ones that have ever appeared, and all this without sixpence expence.

At length they arrive in the front; and Miss Gayton is about to be immolated for the good of her country, when Mr. D'Egville, natu-

rally fond of so fascinating a pupil, rushes forward, and saving her from the knife, proposes *a dance* as more agreeable. This the young Lady immediately consents to; and accordingly the Druids, leaning upon their *hallowed* altars in the *sacred grove* of Mona, are treated with a jig by the *corps de ballet*:—this, considering the *misletoe*, appears rather a dangerous performance.

About this time in the action Mr. Laurent, with all the grace of a pantomime clown, jumps in as a prisoner, and is immediately consigned to a cave; which, for the better carrying on the plot, has a hole in it large enough to let him out again.

The Druids, however, are not to be baulked of their dance for this; and *Caractacus*, like Lord Henry Petty, blending the ballet-master with the hero, sits himself down upon a rock to see the sports. Wrestling is now proposed by one of the priests, as a religious ceremony; and accordingly Miss C. Bristow, in height three feet nothing, enters the lists with Master Wallack, standing about four feet ten:—no matter, the plot is furthered by it, and the combat is doubtful, when, with a sublimity which nothing but the research of a Sheridan could have produced, nothing but the skill of a D'Egville could have done justice to,—*Caractacus*, the great *Caractacus*, steps from his seat, and advises his little *boy* (Miss Bristow) to cock up *his* leg, that *his* adversary may tumble over it; the child takes the hint, and *sticks* out his foot; his adversary stumbles, John Bull is delighted, and reiterated shouts of *Drury-lane* applause rend the theatre.

After these unparalleled feats of activity the aforementioned Roman gets out of the hole in the cave, and creeps across a board, meant to represent the branch of a tree; and considering it is nearly three feet wide, it really is very wonderful to see how Laurent contrives to make difficulties in wriggling along it.

Some more Romans now come in; they *conspire*, and meet two young ladies: they are going to behave very ungenteelly to them, but a little boy of seven years old blows a horn a yard and a half long, which he can hardly lift, so loudly, that *Caractacus* and his company, who *luckily* happened, by mere accident, to be very near, walk in, and take them prisoners. There is more morality displayed in this affecting incident than folks generally imagine:—it shews that virtue always has friends; it shews that necessity can give courage, and make an infant's lungs strong enough to call together the standing army of Britain, amounting *to upwards* of *five-and-twenty soldiers*, with tin shields, in the cause of beauty. It shews—ingenuity and invention; and it shews—what John Bull will bear.

After this the campaign commences between the English forces and Romans. Seven men, rank and file, are engaged, and after a well contested action of a minute and a half, the English are routed, and their general *runs away*. This is a tender subject just now, and might have been spared. Some people have no prudence; well, this battle ends the act, and the second opens, picturesquely, with a view of rocks and mountains.

Hengo, the little wrestling boy, is discovered running about with his father, who is attended by an aid de camp, bearing a walking stick for him, and who is about running away, for, like a modern general, the renowned *Caractacus* seems to be of opinion that the surest way of being safe is keeping out of danger; to remain in peace therefore he ascends a canvas rock almost *four feet* perpendicular, and takes his little boy up the wonderful declivity; the child no sooner gets out of the reach of water than he is seized with an extraordinary thirst, though a second before, he had *sidled* by a bubbling fountain, with all the shyness of a patient afflicted with the hydrophobia.

"Now comes the pathos—*Hengo* (the little boy) is lowered down the rock by a string, and is shot by a soldier, upon which *Caractacus* is very angry, and seizing a piece of the mountain, in size, shape, and colour, much resembling a *plumb-pudding*, he throws it within two or three feet of the murderer's head; the villain, however, is so obliging as to take *Caractacus's* hint, and dies immediately; on which the hero takes courage and walks down the rock with the child in his arms.

Here D'Egville displayed acting which would have done honour to a Kemble; his manner, while weeping over the corpse of his boy, is impressive and affecting. The house recognised merit in *Caractacus*, and *really* applauded what *really* deserved to be applauded.

The child dies. The Hero is surrounded by Romans, to whom he yields himself up in a fit of despair, and he is seen setting off from the land we live in, with the whole hostile army, who are conveyed in a *couple* of galleys, something in appearance like two of the Lord Mayors barges in the pantomime, or the pair of contending wherries in the last scene of *the Waterman*.

This magnificent aquatic spectacle having been pushed off, the third act introduces us to the presence of the mighty *Cæsar*. The business of the scene consists of a parcel of men walking up stairs and down stairs, without doing any one thing worthy of remark; this continues for about half an hour, when *Caractacus* embraces *Cæsar* and finishes the entertainment.

That so much time should have been taken up with so paltry a thing as this, is really a pity: the grace and elegance of the beautiful Gayton, and the fine acting of D'Egville may keep it on the boards for a few nights, but the treasury will soon consign it to oblivion; for never was the adage "*ex nohilo nihil fit*" better exemplified than in Caractacus. It is nothing, and they will make nothing of it.

One thing, however, in the lethargic proceedings of the piece, amused us not a little. It was observing the *airs* which the composer gave *himself* at the piano-forte in the orchestra: he twisted, and wriggled, and turned, and twirled, and shrugged up his shoulders, and held up his hand with all the consequence of a great professor. Who is Mr. Bishop, that he should thus disturb the solemnity of the scene by his jack-pudding grimaces before the stage? A composer of country dances. We should advise that gentleman, when he has such a *classical* performance as Caractacus to set to music again, to recollect the force of *tragedy*, for Mr. T. Sheridan declared, that the rehearsals even were so affecting that *he could not* muster up courage to attend them, though he *risked a great deal* by his absence!!! What a delicate author!—what an animated composer!—"Par nobile fratrum."

The Critic is in rehearsal at Drury Lane, as is a new opera, called Sheva of Mogadore, by the ever to be respected veteran, Cumberland. The music, *neat as imported*, by Kelly.

At Covent Garden but one new piece has appeared; it is called *Bonifasio and Bridgetina*, or "the Knight of the Hermitage," or "the Wind-mill Turret, or the Spectre of the North-east Gallery," and is intended as a burlesque on those burlesques of human nature melodramas.

It is, alas! necessary, when a sentiment is to be inspired, that the person in whose breast it is to be excited, should possess, in some degree, the spirit of it. It is requisite then that the audience should *all* be dramatic enough to perceive in a moment what is meant for mere matter of fact, and what for ridicule. It was here the piece failed, for though an author may furnish fun for the sensible part of his audience, he cannot furnish brains for the foolish, that they may comprehend it.

The spectators in a theatre, especially the fashionable part, have their several ends to answer by coming thither. Young women come to shew themselves—old ones to shew their daughters—men come, some to see those they love, and others to be loved by those who see them. In short, in the side boxes, and the private boxes, the stage is

the last consideration, and the attention is so distracted, that when the insufferable fools with frizzed heads and furred coats, who stand flirting with daughters behind their mothers' backs, scented coxcombs with libations of lavender-water for the ladies—when these things look towards the spectacle, and see splendour such as was produced in Bonafasio and Bridgetina, and while looking at it hear some ludicrous expression, they take upon themselves the character of critics, and cry—"Oh, horrid! *damned* bad! *damned bad* indeed!" and, wriggling their empty pates about, condemn a dialogue for being ridiculous, which is only meant to ridicule such pieces as the Sleeping Beauty, Tekeli, and the Wood Dæmon, in which the language is infinitely worse, *unintentionally*, than the author has contrived to make his studied burlesque in this.

Had Fielding or O'Hara produced their witty travesties now, it is a great chance whether the town would have had wit enough to have understood them; to a want of the spirit and sense which supported Tom Thumb may be attributed the failure of *Bonafasio*. The acting of Simmons and Liston was admirable, and the scenery was beautiful. In short, we must say we think the piece, although not condemned, deserving of a much better fate than it met with.

Shakespear's play of the Two Gentlemen of Verona has been revived here, and has been received with much applause.

This is indubitably one of Shakespeare's worst plays; Hanmer doubts whether it be Shakespeare's at all, and expresses an opinion that all Shakespeare had to do with its construction, was the enlivening it with some speeches, which, he says, are easily distinguished from the rest. Pope, on the contrary, declares it to be one of the most natural productions of the Bard, and is seconded in that idea by Theobald. Mr. Upton is of a contrary way of thinking, and says, that if any judgment is to be formed from style and manner, it is not Shakespeare's. This Johnson ridicules by observing, that style and manner are not always the same in the same man; he instances the first and last works of Raphael, and upon the difference of his pictures painted at different periods by the same artist, supports his opinion that the poet may, at different times, in like manner, write differently, for, says he, "If we take it from Shakespeare, to whom shall it be given? It will be found more credible that Shakespeare should sometimes sink beneath his highest flight, than that any other should rise even to his lowest."

Certainly, taken singly, there are very many delightful passages in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and even the ludicrous scenes,

loaded as they are with puns and quibbles, speak the language and sentiments of Shakespeare in a sportive mood.

Valentine is hardly enough for Kemble: he is not a good representative of a love-sick "home-keeping youth." It is in the wild ravings of an *Octavian*, the majesty of *Hamlet*, or the misanthropy of the *Stranger*, that Kemble is unique: in *Valentine* there was a coldness and studied declamation certainly unnatural in the part; but where taste and classical knowledge were called into play, he shone conspicuous, and the pains he has taken in getting up the piece, deserve the highest encomiums from the lovers of the immortal bard.

Liston's *Thurio* is too like *Gaby Grim*; it is too modern; there is a distinction in the style of language and manner which should be observed. Liston is great in most things; but he should recollect that it is *Shakespeare's* clown, not *Colman's*, when he is playing *Thurio*.

Claremont and Pope were very respectable in *Protheus* and *Eglamour*, and Misses Smith and Norton what they should be in the female parts.

A glee was introduced which relieved the play considerably.

Mr. Colman is really writing a play for the Hay-market Theatre, in which *Young* is to play a principal character. When Colman writes and Young acts, the town may expect a great treat.

Mathews's hand is recovered, and during passion week he gave an entertainment at York, &c. of recitations and imitations, which met with great encouragement.

Bonduca is to be revived for Cook's benefit next Tuesday, at Covent Garden, with great splendour, and the original music by Purcell.

COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

Non nostrum TANTAS *componere lites!*—VIRGIL.

Who shall decide when DOCTORS *disagree?*—POPE.

1. Musical Dramas, &c. by John Rennie.

"There is *a considerable degree* of *poetical feeling* and *taste* in this collection."—British Critic.

"If these dramas call forth no severity of censure, neither do they excite in our minds *any* glow of *approbation*; a sentence,

of itself *sufficiently unfavourable* to works which depend solely on public applause."—Monthly Review.

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2. An History of Jamaica; by Robert Renny, Esq.

"Mr. Renny's *style* is *not inelegant*. Some *entertaining papers* and political documents are added in the form of an appendix."—British Critic.

"Mr. Renny's *language* is figurative to a *culpable*, and in his descriptions to a *ridiculous*, degree. In the true style of a modern author, he has introduced by way of appendix a *large mass of irrelevant matter*."—Critical Review.

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3. Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems; by George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor.

"This is *very ingenious* idleness, and has produced some *elegant* and *interesting* compositions. There is *much taste*, and *more vigour* than might reasonably be expected from a Minor. The following specimen will justify this and *greater commendation*, as to *poetry*."—British Critic.

"We must ascribe to lord Byron the possession of *considerable interest* at the *court of Apollo*. *Fancy*, *spirit*, and *flowing numbers*, distinguish the lines entitled Lachin y Gair."—Monthly Review.

"We may venture to assure lord Byron, that these effusions of his muse do *no discredit* to his youth: many of them are *elegant* and *interesting*, and almost all possess a *neat* and *harmonious versification*. The prevailing cast of the poems is amatory, and in these his lordship seems to have taken Mr. Moore for his model: they have NOT however his IMMORALITY: they are all small pieces, prettily turned, and *certainly very creditable* to one so young as the author. The Epitaph on a Friend is really an *elegant* and *pathetic* composition. His translations from Anacreon are *far above mediocrity*."—Universal Magazine.

"The few specimens which we shall give, require no praise of ours; *their own worth* is *sufficient* to support them: and no reader will be inclined to doubt our assertion, that the rest of the book contains as *ample evidence* of a *correct taste*, a *warm imagination*, and a *feeling heart*; of the amatory poems, many are *extremely*

pleasing, all are *easy* and *unaffected*, and *free from the slightest taint* of IMMODESTY. We shall select some passages from his *delightful poem* entitled Childish Recollections."—Critical Review.

"This book is a collection of juvenile pieces, some of *very moderate merit*, and others of *very questionable* MORALITY. The *prominence* which is given to VOLUPTUOUS themes and visions, and the LICENTIOUS manner in which they are frequently celebrated, compel us to pronounce it *unsuitable* for *any refined reader*, or *well regulated family*."—Eclectic Review.*

"This *Minor* is certainly a *minor poet* at present; and will, we think, at *any* age *continue* to be so. We learn from the preface, that 'these productions were written with ease:' there is no internal evidence to render the matter doubtful; if these verses were not written with ease, we cannot tell what could have prevented it.—If this translation from Catullus was one of his lordship's school-exercises at Harrow, and he escaped *whipping*, they have there either an undue respect for lords' bottoms, or they do not deserve the reputation they have acquired."—Monthly Mirror.

"This young lord's effusions are spread over *a dead flat*; and can no more get above or below the level, than if they were so much stagnant water. We put it to his candour, whether there is

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* We must solve the secret, of the severity of the Eclectic Review toward his lordship, by the following additional extract from this critique: "We are *astonished* that this young man should *so completely* renounce *all pretensions* to *justice* and *decency*, as to stigmatize the *most exemplary* men in one of our universities by the term of *a methodistic crew*." *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* It soon after adds, without having given a single previous quotation, reference, or even hint, on the subject: "It is *very evident* that lord Byron has not yet imbibed *any tinge* of *christian truth*." We really apprehend that these audacious sectaries have begun a practice of appropriating the term *christian*, as they have already that of *evangelical*, exclusively to their own concerns. And are their leaders so besotted as to suppose that conduct like this can actually serve their cause? But it would be very wrong to check them in their present *rapid* progress to the *natural consummation* of their *profligacy*, *superstition*, and *impiety*.—We, however, by no means intend to defend his lordship.

any thing deserving the name of poetry, in verses like the following; and whether, if a youth of eighteen could say any thing so uninteresting to his ancestors, a youth of nineteen should publish it:—now we positively do assert, that there is *nothing better* than these stanzas *in the whole* compass of the noble Minor's *volume*. Of his Ossianic poetry there are no less than nine pages: and we can so far venture an opinion in their favour, that they look very like Macpherson; and we are positive they are pretty nearly as *stupid* and *tiresome*."—Edinburgh Review.

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4. Poems, by E. Somebody.

"These poems run with *elegance*, and glow with *feeling*; though they do not soar with sublimity, or blaze with imagination."—Eclectic Review.

"We have perused these poems with *considerable pleasure*: in the collection we are *often* gratified by *elegance*, *taste*, and *feeling*."—British Critic.

"These poems display *many* marks of a *fertile imagination* and of a *feeling heart*. Several of them are *highly interesting*, and have *great merit*."—Antijacobin Review.

"These poems which Mr. *Somebody* is said to have written, are such as we fear *nobody will read*. If however there be any persons who have a relish for *nonsense*, they may gratify their taste at the expence of four shillings. As the pages of a review are doomed to contain almost as many selections of *folly* as of sense, we shall present the reader with a small specimen of Mr. Somebody's claim to the title of *dunce*."—Critical Review.

ERRATA in No. 7.

Page 132, line 9, for "*prospecti*," read "*prospects*."
Page 133, line 25, for "*decide*," read "*supply*."
Page 136, line 16, for "*short*," read "*strict*."
Page 138, line 29, for "*to*," read "*by*."
Page 141, line 27, for "*ever*," read "*our*."
Page 149, line 13, dele "*to*."
Page 150, In this page a very singular error has occurred; the three *last* lines at the *bottom* should have been the three *first* at the *top*.
Page 172, line 28, for "*finniunt*," read "*tinniunt*."
Page 217, line 5, Instead of "*comfort ye my people*," read, "*I know that my redeemer liveth*."

TO THE READERS OF THE SATIRIST.

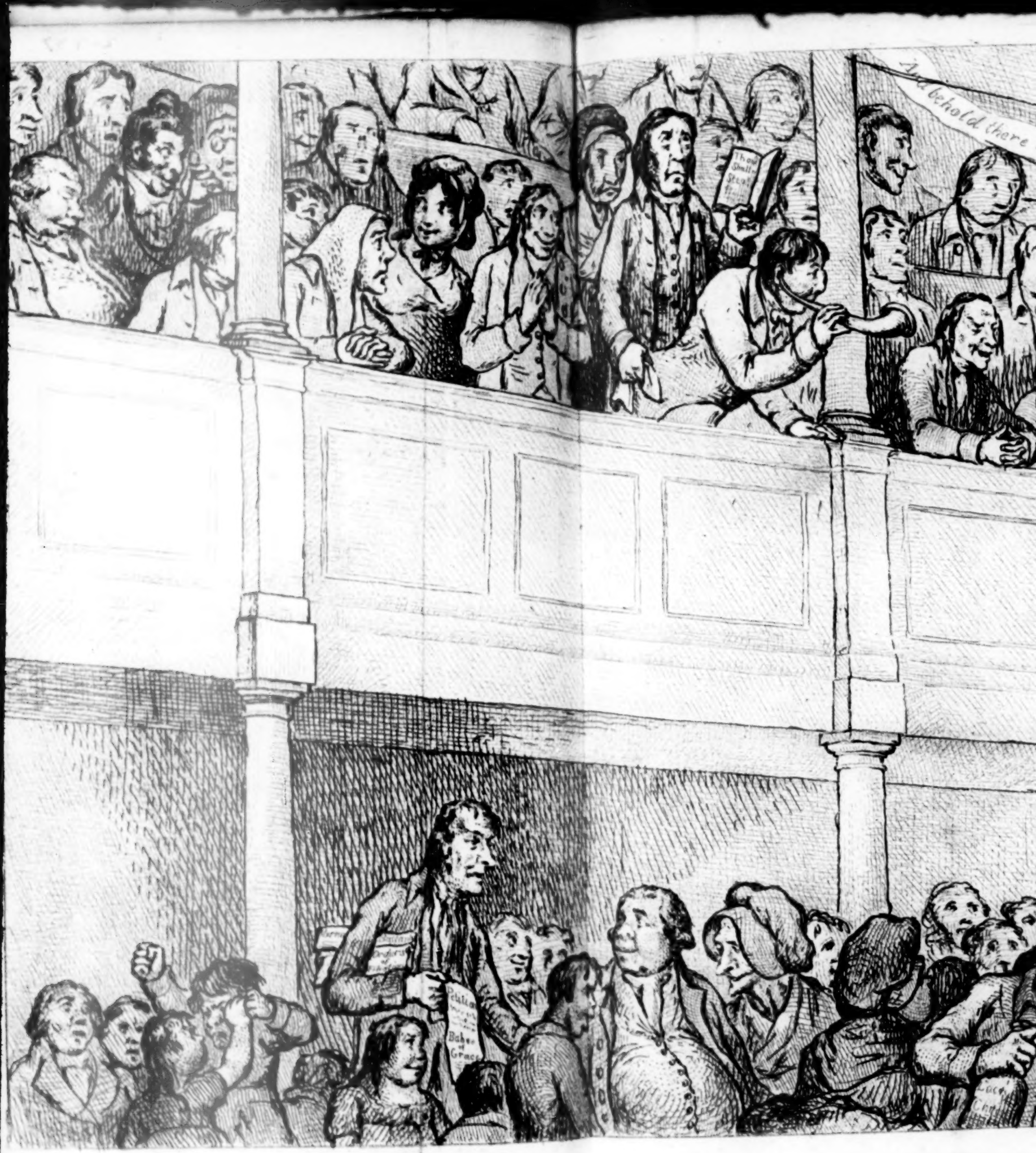
We have, in the present Number, complied with the wishes of numerous Correspondents, and filled our pages *entirely* with ORIGINAL MATTER.

The Public have sufficiently testified their approbation of our exertions by their unprecedented patronage; and notwithstanding the expences of the SATIRIST are nearly double those of any cotemporary publication, its extensive circulation enables the proprietors to publish it at the same price as those which are chiefly composed of dull extracts from foreign books and vapid plagiarisms, from almost obsolete British authors.

That a work conducted on such inflexible and rigid principles as the SATIRIST, should create numerous enemies is by no means surprising, and to be the objects of *their* abhorrence, is to us the highest gratification—for the literary prostitute, the hoary traitor, the political profligate, and every creature of wickedness and folly, detest us from the same motives that induce the midnight plunderer to abhor the judge who consigns him to an ignominious punishment.

We have been accused of merciless severity in that department of our work which is allotted to the review of new publications; but our readers will recollect that it is our peculiar duty to guard the public against literary impostors, and we are therefore under the necessity of selecting those works which merit exposure and castigation.

It is the general custom of reviewers, to defer their remarks upon a new publication until three or four months after its first appearance—thus a bad work is frequently sold before the public are aware of its pernicious effects. This resembles the physician, who, instead of cautioning his patients to avoid infection, permits them to catch a disease, and afterwards tells them it is mortal.—We, on the contrary, examine every work which we conceive likely to be of a deleterious tendency the moment it is published, and are thus enabled to apply the antidote before the poison has time to operate. With the general merits of the SATIRIST the public are now sufficiently acquainted; and we pledge ourselves that it shall ever be conducted on the same bold, inflexible and impartial principles, which have obtained their honourable and extensive patronage.



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